

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

## Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

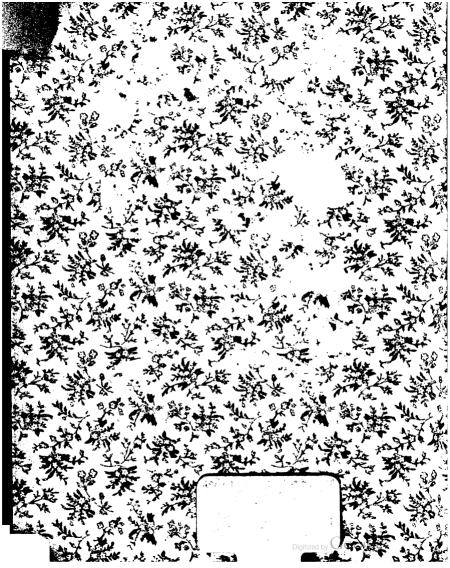
### **About Google Book Search**

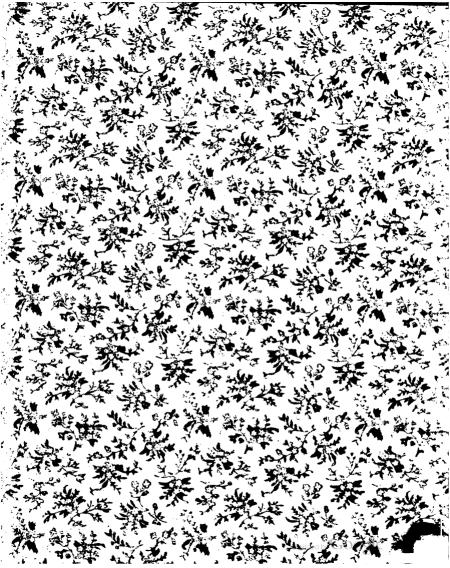
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

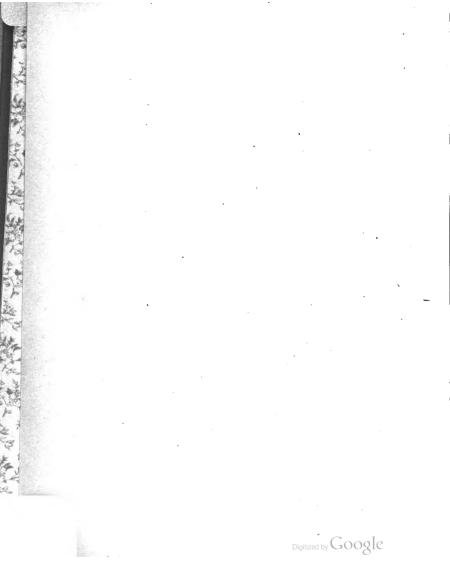


# Every Day Verses

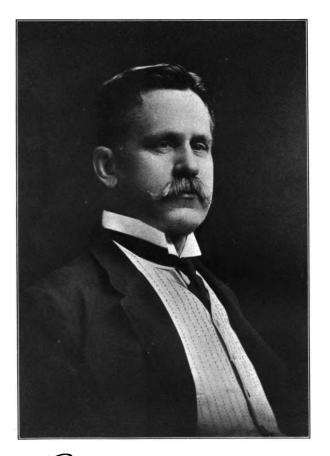
David Mitchell Kinnear







het truth and candor be your quide And treat all brothers fair Noubt not the pearly gates sing mide For those who re "on the square". Savid M. Kiemear



Very truly yours David M. Kirmen

VVERI

TERREES

. + .\*\* ( **X**,

•

James Commence

48

**.** .

•

.

.

,

.

Digitized by Google



EVERY DAY VERSES & A Collection of SIXTY **RHYMES** by David Mitchell Kinnear

KC 836

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY SHELDON FUND JULY 10, 1940

Copyright, 1904

DAVID MITCHELL KINNEAR



To my honored and respected father,

Peter Kinnear,

this volume is lovingly dedicated.

# CONTENTS.

The attention to the state of t		PAGE
Prontispiece		
Preface		
The Friendly Old Days of the Few		
How Utica Came Here		
Robbie Burns		
Toddle Thro' Life with a Smile		
When We Played Croquet with Brown		
The Advertising Man		
The Motorman		
Oor Andrew		
The Skaters		
In the Interim		
The Charity Ball		
The Foolish Little Mouse	•••	56
God Bless Our Native Land		58
The First Coat of Green		. 60
Little Tommy	• • • •	62
My Peggy		63
Help It On	• • • •	64
Two Little Shoes		66
Just a Tribute		67
Dear Little Charles	• • • •	68
*Dearest Old Albany		70
The Beautiful Hudson		
The Bishop and the Nazarene		77
The Same Canteen		. 84
A Prayer for America		
Uncle Billy		
The Mountain Crag		
Dear Charley		
The Boys of Fifty-four		
School Boy Days		
The Robin		

#### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Scotland	
Lovers Yet	108
The Old Familiar Hymns	109
The 3500	115
The Old Country Road	117
Old Man Amos	121
The Size of Its Whistle	125
Captain Brown	
Custard Lambspie	132
The Chicken Raiser	134
Till I Almost Drop	136
When Clarence Tries for Goal	138
The West Shore Road	141
John Montignani, O, John	144
The Game o' Gowff	146
Ye Brither Scots	149
The Pipes	157
Teddy at San Wan Hill	161
Ma Julie	164
W'en Poleon Soaked de Ball	167
The Roarin' Game o' Curlin'	172
New Year's Invitation	179
Marching with "B" Boys	181
Curling for Glory	183
To Genr'l Manager Albany Railway	185
Old "B" Shines Forever	187
If You're Anxious for to Shine	189
Two Little Boys So Blue	192
T at Albania and Them Thite	104

## PREFACE.

In THE old days of the Haverly minstrels, I remember that one of the catch phrases for advertising that famous troupe was "Sixty—count 'em—Sixty." I have here collected together sixty of my poetical effusions which I thought might meet with a fairly favorable response from a generous public. Those of my friends who have already read some of these will, I trust, be pleased to have them in durable form, and I might be permitted to indulge the hope that they may make me new friends.

I have no apology to make. These verses are the work of my leisure hours, and have given me pleasure in the making. I hope that they may also give some pleasure in the reading. An author is never the best judge of his own work, and I expect criticism, which will not be taken amiss. In reply would simply call attention to the epitaph said to have been inscribed on the tombstone of a blameless old lady, "She done the best she could." Kind reader, I beg to say, in language more truthful than grammatical, that in the making of these verses "I done the best I could."

DAVID MITCHELL KINNEAR.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 25, 1904.

# POEMS.

# The Priendly Old Days of the Few.

I went there in seventy-one, I recall,
That's a cycle or more ago,
And you, Oh yes, you were sixty-nine,
You're a year or two older I trow.
And the old school started in sixty-eight,
We've heard quite a deal about that
Our Quarter Centennial raised quite a stir —
For all Albany took off its hat
To vote our dear school a crowning success,
The school of our cares and our joys,
But the heart thrill we feel is alien to them,
They don't know the bond of "the boys."

God planted so deep in all human breasts
That heart-love for days of our youth,
And Memory lingers so fondly and long
O'er the time when our lives were all truth,
That storms of adversity, sweet breath of fame,
Or the cares that the man-life enrol,
Can never blot out the sweet school-boy days
As the most precious boon of the soul.

God grant that our band may stand hand in hand, Linked together by thoughts of the past,

And so long as blood tingles with true friendship's grasp,

So long may the "Friendly Few" last.

Those were halycon days in old Van Vechten Hall, We'll never forget that old place;

The stairways so dark which our youthful feet trod, And the labyrinth of halls (wasted space).

The crooks and the turns, dark corners and all In that rickety, ramshackle barn,

Its devious windings, its intricate maze Were to us all as clear as the morn.

And the odors, so fragrant, wafted up from below, More "stable" than fickle were they;

There may have been horse play indulged in above, There was horse work below every day.

You remember the gym. where each week we held forth

In thrilling, soul-stirring debate:

And the back-stairs which led (like the river of Styx)

To the nethermost regions straight.

There were diamonds down there, some black and some red,

And Horne once found clubs, spades and hearts; Proper adjuncts to learning, though the faculty thought

It were better to strike out such parts.

And that telephone heater pipe wasn't that great Leading straight from the girls' room above? Those dear guileless maidens never could guess How we boys knew their secrets of love.

Then the study hall (now called chapel), the only room

That was sunny, and cheerful and bright,
With its rostrum, where Fridays we'd so boldly
mount,

Though our knees played a tattoo in fright.
That rostrum or "platform," as John E. would say,
("Lapses lingua," I should have said stage;)
If experiences go for aught in our lives
There's enough there to last till old age.
As we sat in our seats, up stalked stuttering Bill
Or tripped simpering Bess—little dear;
And boldly he'd thunder "ye call me chief!"
And she would shriek out "Paul Revere."

And then we have dialogue. Ha! "et tu Broot;"
"Why don't he say Broot-a?" the dunce!
Well, he's English division, his Latin's at fault,
But listen to Cassius just once.
"And Cassius is a wretched creature" — true;
He looks it all over just then,
He shrieks out his lines as though he yelled "fire"
Till Bradley says "try it again."

So another attempt the poor fellow makes, No use, he's still bound to yell. The dialogue over, up steps our dear John And gives us broad Scotch in "Lochiel."

And then comes big Sol (this name is quite straight)
His masterpiece thrills through my brain,
The tribune Rienzi, the last of his race;

"A thousand times no!" is his strain.

If he only gets through with it we thank our stars, Though the chances are great that he'll flop;

But look! there's our orator, Hardie old Bob, When HE speaks you can hear a house drop.

Now all are attention, we expect something grand, Just list to his resonant roll:

'Tis the burning of Moscow, and the vengeance of God

On Napoleon, and we're thrilled to the soul.

Old friend, those dear scenes are impressed on our hearts.

Graven deep with the pencil of fate.

We could not escape them e'en though we would; On that subject why need to dilate?

What a lively procession flits o'er that stage! Some ludicrous, some grave and some gay.

Ed. M. with his "Toussaint," Jack P's nasal twang And Franky J. who flunked every day. Nick H. who was modest and blushed crimson deep To the roots of his Skaneateles hair,

And James R. so sepulchral, and that other Jim, too, Dandy Jim; James Henry; our mayor.

And then there was The., he was our funny man; The. kept us all in a roar.

His stock in trade consisted of Hans and a dog, And another dog; need I say more?

And Nat N. whose trouble seemed to consist In losing his voice in his boots,

And George K., dear George, he was so precise, He analyzed a word from its roots.

And Bunty H. had a spot, a particular spot, And he'd speak all his pieces at that,

If the spot only stayed there, Bunty got through, But without it his failure was flat.

We had songs there and chorus; we had music galore;

Charley H. would be heard in duet

With sweet Louise G., and those two made some stir In "Clan Alpine," a veritable vet.

And Charles did a solo, "The Red Cross Knight,"
On occasions so mighty as these,

And Jack H. growled "the reign of the horned owl,"
While Fred B. banged away at the keys.

And all the girls warbled, and all the boys yelled When the choruses loomed up in sight;

"Gaudeamus," which rolled like a great mighty wave,

And "Endymion," so tranquil and bright.

There's a thrilling experience told about John, J. J. who's a Banker in power,

For he banked some in those days along with Bill B., Smiley A., and some choice spirits more.

Their lay out was pounced on one dire dreadful day, And they stayed there (down cellar) till late,

But Bill B. and John J. said "we're up to snuff, "We'll escape by means of the grate."

And lo! When John J. at about 6 P. M.
Stuck his head out and bid them come on,

Who should stand there, but Dick, our own nobby Dick,

And caught him with "How de do John?"

There was Maurice J., he of the ambrosial locks
And the winning ways peculiar to he;

And the girls said that "Monie was just too, too sweet,"

Although some of them clung to Will G.

This G. was so plausible, oily and smooth,

That he captured a girl from the start,

While Lanny B. only admired from afar,
And John D. stood with hand on his heart.

But Charley M., he was the "maiden's delight;" Such a rosy-faced urchin was he,

He'd all the sweet Bessies there were in the school Chained down under padlock and key.

There were lions round there; Gene B., he had one, And he begged us to hear that brute roar;

"For three days" said he, "he hath not had meat,"
And Gene worked his powerful jaw.

And the pets of M. Morgan stepped on the stage, All imbued with the true Morgan wail.

The girl who read "Mabel with face against pane;"
Where the pain was I need not detail;

And she who so vividly told us about The poor devil in St. Michael's tower;

And the one who said "He giveth His beloved Sul-leep." Ah! there was dramatic power.

And one maiden shouted "Cusha, Cusha Come up Whitefoot, come up White,"

And another in dolorous tones informed us "Curfew must not ring to-night."

One told how the rats devoured Bishop Hatto In his castle perched high on the rock,

And another described the "Inch Cape Bell"

And the "Abbot of Aberbro-thok."

Old Barbara Frietchie wasn't forgotten, Nor Maud Muller and her load of hay.

Ah! those maidens, they charmed our poor boyish hearts

In the orthodox feminine way.

I'm told that the new school is cheerful and bright,
I'm told its acoustics are grand,

Its hygiene perfect, its arrangements complete, And it's built on a latter-day plan.

No dark halls, no corners, no little back stairs, No plots, and no blood-curdling jokes;

But experiences! well, if you happen to find E'en a trace of one there, its a hoax.

They say we're old fogy, from an old-fogy school, And their minds with new things they employ.

Well new pipes are cleaner, but old pipes are sweet, And their smoke makes a halo of joy.

And so, dear old friend we'll cling to old times,
Old faces, old friends, the old school,
And the old course of study, and the old teachers
too.

Though the "bran news" may dub us "old fools."
We'll stick to the old boys, whose hair is now gray,
And the old girls, now matrons, not maids,
And once every year we'll meet in good cheer

To renew the old friendships we made. We shall be quite exclusive in our old-fashioned way,

For we won't breathe a thought of the new. Close up there! four classes! pray call the roll; All here? bar the doors! Friendly Few.

### How Utica Came Here.

Listen, dear readers, and you shall hear
How the Utica Curling Club came here;
How they wiped the ice with Albany men
And left them all in grief and pain,
Tearing their hair in a frantic way
To find they didn't know how to play.
How the Uticans, with the utmost ease,
Would put their "stanes" right on the tees.
How Munson, Allen, Calder and Bowne,
(Hi Henry's troupe from Asylum town,)
Came down on the train to Albanee
And slammed it o'er us with ghoulish glee.

It was nine by the village clock,

When nine brave men went down to the train,
And they had arisen with crow of cock,

And were telephoning with might and main:

"Oh come, and go to the city of hills,

We must take twelve men down you know;
Oh come, tho' your business hang by the gills,

And the Central's tracks are filled with snow."

It was ten on the village clock,
And still "she cometh not," he said,
And now twelve men stood firm as rock
And nearly froze in that Utica shed.

And often they would glance up track,
As they thought they heard the whirr of wheels;
Then sadly, patiently, would go back
To try the tonic that soothes and heals.
Anon, they'd give an anxious glance
Down in the direction of Albany town,
And think they saw her spires, perchance,
Then back to wash their sorrow down.

Oh, may the day ne'er Usher in
When Dewar will not soothe the pain,
Or Glen Orme wash away the sin
And brace a curler up again.
Glen Livet also claims our praise,
When curlers come from South or North,
And of all the monarchs of our days
We hail as best King William Fourth.

It was eleven on the village clock,
When our committee went to train;
Though Utica beat us once with shock.
Yet we were aching to meet again.
But, oh, that old historic clock,
Was bound that day to have some fun,
For we were treated to fearful shock,
When we struck station in a run.
"She cometh not," the doorman said,
"Old Fifty-six is three hours slow,
And Number Ten, the one YOU sped,
Is stuck fast somewhere in the snow."

"Try not the pass," the doorman said. "No pass is good on limited trains; Try not the telegraph," he said, "You'll meet with disappointment's pains." "Oh. doorman, dear, what shall we try, And how shall we our time regale?" With knowing wink he made reply, "A Scotch high ball will never fail." Oh, doorman of the N. Y. C. Good doorman of old Albany town, You know the curler's heart, I see. And what will all his sorrows drown. And still that village clock went round, While Number Ten's wiped off the slate, And still we heard that doleful sound. "Old Fifty-six is three hours late."

Old Fifty-six is due at nine,
They say she's now three-thirty late;
Old Fifty-six is losing time,
And now they say she's four hours late.
Oh, Fifty-six, there's fourteen men,
Yes, fourteen fellows good and true,
They're waiting in that Utica pen,
Yes, sadly watching out for you.
Oh, Fifty-six, put on a spurt,
Dear Fifty-six speed o'er the rails,
Can't you see that our hearts are hurt?
They're heavy as a keg of nails.

"Will Fifty-six e'er reach this town?"
We cried with voice and heart elate.
He answered, with a railroad frown,
"She's now, at least four-thirty late."

It was eleven on any old clock,

When came a muffled rumble and roar,
And Genesee's old weather cock

Whirled as it never whirled before.
Ah, here she comes, old Fifty-six,

And she's been doing heathen tricks,
She'll now put in her biggest licks;
Get on, Hi Henry's corps.

With curler's smile our Munson bland,
Steps up to engineer so grand,
And slips five dollars in his hand,

"Now, Jimmy, make her roar."

And now old Fifty-six makes start,

Her whistle shricking flerce alarm,
To carry news like flaming dart
To every Mohawk village and farm.
She pounds the rails with frightful whack,
She fairly flies o'er slippery track,
She rocks and rattles with rumbling rack,
And bumpkins show alarm.
Oh, Mohawk farmer, Mohawk Dutch,
Gaze on this monster with iron clutch,

She carries those know more than much Of curling, sweeping, and all such, And have the delicate, dainty touch And steady strong right arm.

It was twelve—or say half-past,
When down she flew thro' old Fort Plain,
And she was making steam so fast
The Mohawk papers reported rain.
It was one on Electric clock,
When she slipped thro' Schenectady;
At half-past one, with trembling shock
She rumbled into Albany.

And now, with joy, our friends we nabbed;
MacLehmann taking President Munse,
While Commissary, Allen grabbed,
And left the Sec. to tote the bunch.
To Keeler's Sons good table d'hote
Our ancient Bob led on the way;
Dear Bob, who curled when Shakespeare wrote,
And beats the youngsters yet to-day.
And here, with good Saratoga friend,
Who came from Spa our game to see,
We curled thro' bill from end to end,
And landed each right on the tee.

"Twas three-fifteen on "Empire" clock
When we got fairly on the ice,
And now we had a fearful shock
To see old Albany play so nice.

For just an hour it seemed to go,
Yes, surely, did go all one way,
And Empire boys were making dough;
"By gum," said we, "Our boys can play."
And when 'twas four on same old clock
Rink one had score fourteen to three,
Rink two was even up on dock,
And eleven to ten showed old rink three.
Well, well, our hopes began to rise.
Can this be true, what's this we see?
Good heavens, can we believe our eyes,
This looks like Albany's victory.

But, oh, for hopes of silly man,
When nearly certain he's on top,
Comes rude cold blast to knock his plan
And down he goes with awful flop.
Oh, sunny castles reared in Spain,
Oh, house that's built on shifting sand,
The heavy cloud, the pelting rain,
'Gainst such reverse you'll never stand.
Oh, curling is a slippery game,
Reverses come when least you think,
Ne'er vaunt your score, or cry your name,
Till last stone's played on every rink.

When half-past four came in a trice,
Old Albany was still ahead,
And then those boys had learned our ice
And put each stone with aim was dead;

Oh, then those wizards showed us how A curling game to rightly play; Then we could see, and see it now. How each stone should be laid away. Then Ridings showed us many a trick. And Calder knocked us Galley West; Then Munson made our pot look sick, And Bowne and Allen did the rest. And so with two ends, three and four, In half an hour they knocked us out. When we were told the game was o'er. There was naught left to do but shout. Yes, shout for wizards who, with skill, In half an hour the game had won, And when we counted total mill 'Twas forty-three to thirty-one.

Oh Utica — dear beloved town,
The home of wizards Brinck and Brown,
The town where curlers curl to keep,
And even curl up in their sleep,
The town that holds all trophies rare,
And wins them too, and wins them fair,
The town where curling is an art,
And every curler does his part.
Whose curlers always "get the broom,"
And borrow just the proper room,
Who put their stones right on the tee,
And count ends rarely less than three.

Oh, Utica — you are a bird,
And of your fame we've often heard,
Now we can see just how you do it,
Who tackles you will surely rue it.
You're only ninety miles away,
Come down and teach us how to play.
Oh, Utica — wherever did you learn it?
If you get fame you surely earn it.

Oh, Utica - come down again, We're glad to meet such jolly men. You're curlers, and you're right good boys. Come down and whoop it up with noise. You've curled yourselves around our heart, Come down, and we will do our part. Here's to you - here's to all your men. We'll pledge your health, and pledge again. We'll ne'er forget you, and will greet You every time we chance to meet. Your health again - for solid worth, You've no superior on the earth. May sunshine greet you all your days, And may success meet all your plays, May no misfortune ever fall; Good luck to you - "We're brithers a'."

#### Robbie Burns.

To-night in love all Scotland turns
By bonnie Doon to tarry,
To sing the praise of Robbie Burns
Or grieve o'er Highland Mary.
Old Scotia's vales and Scotia's hills
Are filled with martial glory,
But, aye, the Scotch heart fondly thrills
At Ploughman Poet's story.

Oh, Robbie dear, thy manly voice
Rang out like Heavenly chorus,
To write thy country's songs thy choice,
And make old Scotland glorious.
As rugged as her weathered rocks
Thy wild impassioned verses,
And gentle as her purling brooks
Thy love songs love rehearses.

This man, a peasant, lowly born,
Of humblest rank and station,
Yet grandly did his place adorn
And sang for all creation.
Thro' all his life stern ruin's fate
His proud heart nearly breaking,
Till recognition came too late,
In sleep that knows no waking.

The "auld clay biggin" where the wind Blew hansel in on Robin,
Now stands the shrine of all mankind,
With true devotion throbbing.
While Alloway's auld haunted kirk
And winding shores of Devon,
Are linked forever with his work,
All Ayrshire Scotland's heaven.

"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,"
Where he and Mary wandered,
And Afton glides by Mary's door
Ere yet fond hearts were sundered.
While banks and braes and streams around
He touched with glowing fancy,
To flood them o'er with golden sound
And wondrous necromancy.

He heard the lark and linnet's song,
The lapwing screaming crazy,
And wild flowers bloomed his path along,
He sang to mountain daisy.
All nature was his open book,
In field and flower and heather,
The wooded hill and running brook
He linked in song together.

The wounded hare and field mouse wee, His great heart filled with pity. His "twa dogs" talked philosophy, And "twa brigs" stirred a city. And ever thro' his verse we see

The good advice he'll tell us,

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie"

That "best laid schemes" will fail us.

With trenchant wit and satire keen.

He riddled all pretension.

While in his "Cotter's Night" is seen.

Devotion's truest mention.

He even pities Nickie-ben,

The author of all evil.

"Oh, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'"

He's sorry for the devil.

"A man's a man," our Robbie sang,
No matter what his station,
And loud his clarion accents rang
For man in state and nation.
No dignities, or chance of birth,
No riband, star or garter,
Could stain our Robbie's honest worth
Or independence barter.

When Freedom raised its sacred head
He proved its staunch defender,
And "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled"
Spurred on to deeds of grandeur.
That mighty work he saw begun,
And grandly did he cheer us,
With Wallace, Bruce and Washington,
His trinity of heroes.

"Then let us pray that come it may,"
As Robbie sang sublimely,
That soon the whole world greet the day
Of brotherhood most timely.
For our dear land he hailed it true,
And may we bear the token,
That thro' our own Red, White and Blue
The summons has been spoken.

Oh, Robbie, thy songs touch the heart
And give the soul its pleasures,
With others gladly would we part,
But not thy lovely measures.
Give sounding pomp to crumbling time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry,
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But leave us "Highland Mary."

### \* \* \*

# Toddle Thro' Life with a Smile.

They ain't no use o' complainin'
'Cause things ain't a comin' your way,
Nor to jedge 'cause to-day it's a rainin'
There'll never be another nice day.
There's many a true word spoken in jest,
But the truest is this, my chile,
Ef you want to weather the storm the best
Jest toddle thro' life with a smile.

'Cause we'se all on us born to trouble
And we gets it from earliest youth,
And much that you see is only a bubble
To be pricked with the shaft of truth.
Contentment is more than all the wealth
That the richest man can pile,
So, chile, ef you want to keep your health
Jest toddle thro' life with a smile.

For what is the use o' repinin'
'Cause some has got wealth untold?

Don't think 'cause things is a shinin'
That's a reason that they're pure gold.

The fellow that's jest a pilin' up rocks
Quite often is filled with bile,

You'll be happier far without his shocks

Ef you toddle thro' life with a smile.

For there's something better than these to wear, It's contentment and happiness too,
And if you have them, the millionaire
Might often be envious o' you.
The meanest old life that a man can lead
Is to dig and scrape for a pile;
He ain't got half o' the friends in need
Like the toddler thro' life with a smile.

Jest be happy, contented, and smilin'
Wherever through life you may go,
Let the stock-chasin' thief get a bilin'
When he loses 'bout half of his dough.

Jest try and make somebody happy and glad And be happy yourself for a while, Then find how the good will drive out the bad When you toddle thro' life with a smile.

And ef you find some one down-hearted
Or sufferin' from pain, grief, or woe,
Jest give him a lift to get started
And help push his wheels till they go.
Yes, e'en if you find it's bad habits and gin,
Don't freeze out his life with your style,
Jest start him again, and help him to win,
And toddle along with a smile.

Or, if to yourself comes the trouble,
As it comes to all men, great and small,
Don't try for to make it jest double
By wearin' a long face and all.
There's no use o' talkin', we've all got to take
What the hands point to on life's dial,
So, ef you your lot would pleasantest make,
Jest toddle thro' life with a smile.

It's true you'll find hogs 'mong the nations
That ought to be shut in a pen,
They inhabit all places and stations
And they go by the name of men.
They wallow around in their dirty fog
And by their presence defile;
But you'll even get the best of a hog
Ef you toddle thro' life with a smile.

It's true you'll find sarpents and vipers,
Jest mis'able snakes in the grass,
Scandal-mongers, gossips, backbiters
And all that contemptible class.
They'll pick ye to pieces and all o' your friends,
And gloat o'er your troubles the while,
Live it down, and defeat all their sinister ends
By toddlin' thro' life with a smile.

Talk of doctrine, or faith's holy rapture,
Here's religion in one single line.
It contains all the essence of Scripture
And its morals are certainly fine.
It's God-like, Christ-like, full of love;
Treat the whole world without hate or guile.
It's worthy of earth, and of Heaven above,
"Jest toddle thro' life with a smile."

#### \* \* \*

# When We Played Croquet with Brown.

Croquet should be known as the National Game, It deserves such a title I'm sure;
"Tis the only game known that the people all play, Young and old, good and bad, rich and poor.
And further than that, it's the most ancient game, Old Noah saw an "arch" from the ark;
But I want you to hear of the game that we played With Brown, up in Cameron's park.

Perhaps, I should hardly call it a park,
No doubt it were best called a green;
Just a bit of old Nature, a lovely greensward,
But as charming a place as I've seen.
The woods that encircled were heavily charged
With the health-giving odor of pine,
While down at the foot wound the silvery stream
Of our Hudson, more famed than the Rhine.

There was Brown and Cole, the Dominie and me,
And you never saw such a bunch;
Now Brown was as thin as a shad in June,
Cole short as a business man's lunch.
But the Dominie stood over six feet tall,
And I'm sure he was five feet round;
Just a mountain of goodness, good nature and fun,
And a weight of near three hundred pound.

Well, we tossed up a coin to see how we'd play,
And Cole and myself had to down
The three hundred pounds of the Dominie's weight
And the less than a hundred of Brown.
Though Brown was so thin, and the Dominie stout,
They each played with science and skill,
And together they made a team hard to beat,
For they played with a vim and a will.

Now, I hold that it isn't just the best form,
Tho' doubtless it's very well meant,
For ladies to butt in when men play the game,
Leastwise, not to any extent.

So when dear Mrs. Brown, jolly soul that she is, Said that George (that was Brown) couldn't lose, That handicapped Cole and I from the start, And we trembled clean down to our shoes.

For you see this Brown (that was George), George Brown,

Had a wonderful record it seems;

He played the game constantly, morning and eve, Some said that he played in his dreams.

And the way he would shoot, roquet and croquet, Split, carrom, or make a long drive,

Simply proved him a player you'd find hard to beat, No matter how hard you might strive.

Now this George (that was Brown), George Brown, as I've said,

Came from Jersey, way down on the flats,
Where the people develop a very straight aim
Playing tag with mosquitoes and gnats.
Croquet is the game that the Jerseyman loves,
And in Jersey you'll hear the glad sound
Of the click of the balls on the red yellow sand,
And you'll hear it near all the year round.

'Twas the Dominie first, and the day being warm, He laid off his coat and his vest, Then calmly, with glance of superior skill, Placed the ball very careful at rest. With a masterful stroke, intended to make

Two arches, which rarely he missed,

A loud sounding whack, then stood quite aghast,

He had wired on the second I wist.

Brown said not a word, but looked his surprise
And the Dominie seemed ill at ease,
While I, coming next, shot ably and true
And made the two hoops, if you please.
Came back for the Dominie, took him along,
Made the side and the middle arch too,
Got another, and laid in position for next,
With the Dominie wired, stuck and blue.

Brown's face was a study, but he didn't lose nerve,
As he measured with most careful eye,
And we saw that he meant a long steady drive
To make two, and near Dominie lie.
But he must have forgot (that was careless of him)
To play off from the middle arch wide;
Down he came thro' the two, struck the center arch
wire,

And bounded ten feet to the side.

Well, then there was wailing and gnashing of teeth;
The redoubtable Brown, halting, stood
Uncertain and doubtful, but finally said
He'd play for position, he would.

Well he did, and I'm certain intended to lay Twenty feet or so back of the arch, But wiring again, he laid right in the path Of Cole's wonderful, triumphal march.

For Cole coming next, had a marvelous run, Such a run as it's seldom you see;

Made the two, played on Brown, took the other three slick,

And landed right close up to me.

Knocking Brown galley west, he took me along; In a trice we had both hit the stake,

While he, coming back, took the two and the side, And was ready the middle to take.

Well, you never saw man so dumbfounded as Brown, Brown, of Plainfield, the champion shot;

And to tell you the truth, it was partly good luck, Even Cole would say so, that I wot.

But the thing of it was that we seemed to have Brown

And the Dominie right on the hip,

And after that every shot either would make Would turn out a miss or a slip.

Just think of it, here were two practiced shots, One for second, the other for third,

While Cole and I, neither great shakes at the game Were playing with skill most unheard. It didn't take long for me to catch up To Cole, and in very short space,

We were rovers, with nothing to make but the stake;

We had distanced those sharks in the race.

Both the Dominie and Brown made gallant attempts

To stop us—and did for a spell,

And meantime they both made a few arches more; They were now playing ably and well.

Then Cole made the stake, and in two minutes more I followed, and the game was all through;

Neither one of our rivals had touched the first stake,

And Brown met his first Waterloo.

### \* \* \*

# The Advertising Man.

Of cheerful bores, the worst I know
Is the advertising man;
Persistent, suave, but never slow,
With a comprehensive plan.
A gift of gab would turn a mill,
A clacking tongue that's never still,
A will to do, a determined will—
What can't be done, he can.

He ambles in with smiling face
And velvet, plush-lined gall;
He spins his yarn with unctuous grace,
He surely knows it all.
He wants you in the world to rise,
In life's great game to draw a prize,
And the way to do is to advertise—
And see the pippins fall.

You think you have your business pat,
But he can bring you more;
He'll make your pocket-book so fat
Your rivals will be sore.
In advertising spend a dollar,
Ten-fold results will surely follow,
You only need to make a holler—
And fortune's at your door.

His mission is philanthropy,

He hates to see you poor;

You only need publicity

To make your fortune sure.

He knows you've got a grand, good thing,

You only need to give it wing,

And his is just the bait, to bring

The gudgeons to your lure.

He's full of circulation lore,
He's circulation mad;
A million people, maybe more,
Will surely read your ad.

His magazine's the great "I am,"
If you stay out you'll be a clam,
You know it isn't worth a d—
But he will not feel bad.

He's ever on the eager jump
To pull a catch phrase off,
Like "push the button," "see that hump,"
"The smile that won't come off."
Then he suggests some just as well,
Like "slam the jammer," "pull the bell,"
Or "make a break," or "take a smell"—
Or "stop that nasty cough."

Anon, he gives you some insight

How ads. should be "set up;"

Of borders heavy, borders light

And other adsmith's guff.

Of white and black space, space all round,

Of proper filling, proper ground,

And what top lines are good and sound—

And when you've said enough.

And then he says you must illustrate,
That's all the rage just now;
He'll make you pictures small and great,
His artists know just how.
He'll draw sweet woman in every style,
Or Gargoyles fierce with frightful smile,
Then run your own mug for a while—
For all of these things draw.

And next he spins his cheerful yarns

How fortunes have been made,

By men who started life in barns

Thro' his all-fetching trade.

Of Pears,—Pearline,—Sapolio,

Of Baking Powder—cake and dough,

And many more that you don't know—

Whom advertising made.

They say God loves a cheerful liar,
So, in His all-wise plan,
He's likely not to vent his ire
On the advertising man.
I must admire the beggar too,
I like to hear him spout and chew,
Some day he'll try his wiles on you,
Now dodge him if you can.

#### . .

## The Motorman.

A song for the overworked motorman true,
Penned up in his vestibule drear,
Who plies his lone trade in his uniform blue,
For less than eight hundred a year;
He's the public's servant, and faithfully gives
A labor that's worthy of praise;
Yet very few know how the motorman lives,
Let that be the theme of my lays.

He stands in his place and keeps to the rack,
His only companion his thought,
With hands on the levers and eyes on the track,
All senses at high tension wrought.
Both hands and both feet are busy at work,
With controller, and air brake and bell,
While collision and accident dire he must shirk,
Woe betide him if all go not well.

In fierce heat of summer, and winter's cold blast,
Thro' wind, dust and rain, sleet and snow,
On week day and Sunday his dreary work's passed,
And of holidays naught doth he know.
His hours are far longer than all trades beside,
On his pay he can just barely live;
Be kind to the motorman, all you who ride,
And a blessing attend what you give.

Oh, the motorman's life is lonely enough,
And his work is not pleasant, I'm sure;
If things go awry, its awkward and tough
To be sworn at by some thoughtless boor.
Now you Christian women, who labor so hard
For missions in far-off Japan,
Use some home persuasion and tack up a card,
"Be kind to the good motorman."

When his day's work is over, the motorman flees
To his dear little hard-working wife,
And two little prattlers climb on his knees,
The pride and the joy of his life.

His hours are uncertain, yet he spends what he may 'Mid the joys of his much-beloved home,

And ever he's cheered thro' the long dreary day

By the thought that they watch till he come.

So, therefore, I say, sing a song if you can,
For the overworked motorman true;
Extend him your friendship, as man unto man,
This good faithful servant in blue.
He'll carry you safe, and faithfully give
A service all worthy of praise;
Cheer him on in his work and aid him to live,
And may God prosper all of your days.

#### \* \* \*

#### Oor Andrew.

I'm just a plain auld body,
Na fash't wi' warldly lust,
And I ken the guid book tells us a'
We're doomed to worms and dust;
And sae, I canna understand
How some, wi' hearts elate,
Wad mak' oor Andrew sic a saunt,
Sin' Andrew's grown sae great.

It's true he's made a few bawbees, I'm tauld 'twas maist in steel; Hech, sirs, that's na sae awfu' great, To mak' sae great a squeal. Ye ken in Scotland we think mair O' intellectual state; But, aye, some bow to golden calf, Sin' Andrew's grown sae great.

Forbye, I'd rather teach a bairn
A meenster great to be;
To wag his pow in a poopit seems
The highest gift to me.
We're proud o' a' oor great divines,
Wha thunder in sic state;
And we'll na thole the moneybags,
Sin' Andrew's grown sae great.

Ye'll aye be mindfu' he was ance
As puir as puir could be;
But still a sleek, snick-drawing chap
Gar'd siller come wi' glee.
I ken o' naething great he's done,
Tho' he's neither scaur nor blate,
Syne we're na fit to tie his shoon,
Sin' Andrew's grown sae great.

I'm tauld he's spendin' muckle gowd,
Erectin' biggins gran',
Aye fillin' them wi' usefu' buiks
In that far distant lan'.
Nae doot the Yankees need it a',
An' it's kind to educate
The benighted heathen owre that way,
Sin' Andrew's grown sae great.

It's unco strange he wadna think
O' puir auld Scotland's fame,
An' bussle owre wi' some great deeds
Might mak' us lo'e his name.
We need nae learnin', that we ha'e;
Auld John Knox celebrate
Wi' a hunderd kirks in a hunderd towns,
Sin' Andrew's grown sae great.

Weel, Andrew, twa — three hear ye tout
And blaw your whissle too,
But gin ye'd mak' a monument
I'll tell ye what ye do;
Feed a' the Yankees kail and brose
Or gi'e them haggis great,
An' aiblins ye'll na gang agley,
Sin' ye ha'e grown sae great.

Oh, wad the Great Power teach us a'
To heed guid book's behest;
That ostentation's nought ava
And simple deeds are best;
True charity mak's no pretense
Nor blaws wi' trump elate,
But quiet does, wi' worth and sense,
What's truly guid and great.

### The Skaters.

Gracefully gliding, brilliantly sliding,
Over the smooth glassy ice in a whirl,
Oh, how entrancing, merry eyes dancing,
Skating away with your very best girl.
All in high spirits, joyous and free,
Merry and jolly in frolicsome glee;
Peals of gay laughter, cheeks all aglow,
Where is the lad who would miss such a show?

Rhythmically bending, curves never ending,
Long rounding sweeps, with a swish and a ring,
Pure health inhaling, still gaily sailing,
Graceful and free as a bird on the wing.
Over our heads is the bright starry sky,
Sparkling like diamonds in blue dome so high;
Merry the laugh of the maidens I ween,
Nature and Heaven lend charm to the scene.

Stealthily stealing, while songs are pealing,
Past the old woods that re-echo our song,
Now and then skirting, dark shores diverting,
Still gaily flirting as we skim along.
Out in the light where the lanterns are hung,
Festooned from trees and in long streamers hung,
Making a bright, brilliant color and show,
Under the fairyland, onward we go.

Of all the pleasure, mortals may treasure,
Nothing excels, on a clear winter's night,
Cold, sharp and snappy, everyone happy,
Skating, for bright, bracing, brilliant delight.
Come, taste the tonic old Nature will give,
Skate, and then learn it's a pleasure to live;
Keep all your tropics, we'll take ice and snow,
In its due season for good health and glow.

#### \* \* \*

## In the Interim.

I have a request from a very good friend,
And a fellow of infinite jest,
A hearty good soul, whose greeting is fine,
And whose hand shake is full of real zest;
That in the next verse which the muses inspire
I should work in his favorite phrase,
Which he uses whene'er the occasion demands;

"In the interim," stately he'll raise.

Well, Billy, old friend, "In the interim" goes, I like it—it has the right ring; It smacks of the future, and gives one a chance To prophesy any old thing. It means that from now until some future date Many records might happen between; Well, let us look forward a few years, we'll say; "In the interim" what can be seen?

Suppose, "In the interim," the bright little Japs Give Russia a drubbing for fair,

Would her Probskys, and Drobskys, and Slobskys and all

Get back to their half-frozen lair?

Would they shovel-off, make-off, and sneak-off alone And get out of Manchuria quick?

I believe that they will, and the doughty wee Japs Will make the Czar Nicholas sick.

"In the interim," suppose that the dear, charming girls

Quit rolling their hair around rats;

So fluffy, and puffy, and wavy, and sweet, And those wibblety-wobblety hats.

Would they plaster it down as their grandmothers did.

And frame it with poke bonnet glum?

With hoopskirts and flat feet, and all the old style, Let us pray no such "Interim" come.

"In the interim," supposing base ball should become

The most quiet game to be seen;

No baiting of umpires, no kicking, or rows, No showing of ignorant spleen.

When you pay to go in you're supposed to see ball; As a matter of fact you see fight.

Let's pray that the National game may be played "In the interim" honest and right.

There's a thing "In the interim" I would fain see, Prize fighting prohibited by law;

And the big husky muckers who travel around, Get a final knock out on the jaw.

They'd all have to tackle some good honest trade
And go hammering boilers or tanks;

"In the interim," if that could be brought about,
I think the whole world would give thanks.

"In the interim," supposing some one should write A decent, respectable play;

Would the crowd flock to see, or would only such things

As "Du Barry" and that beastly kind pay?
We're getting too Frenchy, too Frenchy by far,
And if vice is but gorgeously dressed,
We swallow it all, tho' it leaves a bad taste;
"In the interim," give us the best.

"In the interim," supposing Marconi should find He could wireless way up to the moon;

He's getting there fast, if improvements keep on We'll be talking to Jupiter soon.

"In the interim," supposing that air-ships could be Made safe, so they'd soar thro' the skies;

We'd have limiteds sailing right over our heads, And we'd travel then as the crow flies. "In the interim," suppose electricity gains
As much as it has in the past;
We can hardly conceive of the things it will do,
With prospects so great and so vast.
There'll be a time come when all we need do
Is push buttons, as we sit at home;
Then the servant-girl problem will be solved at last;
Good Lord! let that "Interim" come.

"In the interim," supposing that automobiles
Are made bigger and flercer you know;
What kind of queer things will we see upon wheels,
And how fast will the fools want to go?

"In the interim," supposing that Golf should
become

The National game of the land; How funny 'twill be to see big husky men Driving little white balls thro' the sand.

"In the interim," supposing that old Russell Sage
Went broke, and had to beg bread;
What a hard time he'd have to borrow a cent;
The old man would wish he was dead.
Supposing that Morgan should build public parks,
And Carnegie give alms to the poor,
Or Rockefeller do some charitable act,
Then the millennium would be at our door.

These are some of the things might happen you know,

"In the interim," between now and then,

And I might mention more, but I'm sure that I'll bore,

So I think I had best say amen.

Only one thing is certain, my dear Billy boy,

"In the interim" you and I'll hustle;

And we'll work just the same, come praise or come blame.

Let the "Interim" rustle or bustle.

#### \* \* \*

# The Charity Ball.

Oh say, did you go to the *Charity* Ball

That was held last week in Armory Hall,

If you did, you got a most pressing call—

Five dollars.

If not, you wern't wanted at all — Dough hollers.

Oh my, but it was the swell event,
And all with aspirations went.

The rest weren't asked — they haven't a cent
To squander.

But the bunch was there, and freely spent The plunder. If in "sassiety" you would shine,
Attend all functions and get in line.
Put on your glad rags and look fine —
Get trusted.

No matter if tradesmen howl and whine They're busted.

For weeks the city was all qui vive,

With interest one could scarcely believe;

The papers full of it every eve,

And morning;

Emblazoned with dames who would receive Adorning.

With notables coming from near and far,
With The Gov. the bright particular star,
With dames descended from any old war
And all that.

"Twould surely slip off with great eclat — Like ham fat.

After weeks of work, mostly toot and blast,
The eventful evening came at last,
And the big drill shed so drear and vast
And slanting,
With decorations never surpassed,
Enchanting.

Well I strolled down and planked a dollar;
A gallery seat, but I didn't holler;
No need to get hot under the collar,

Construing

I had no midd to did in the country.

I had no mind to join in the squalor — Just viewing.

In a very few moments it got so hot
With old woman's gossip, and scandal and shot,
And picking to pieces of this one and that,
I scooted;

And down by the entrance found me a spot,

Just suited.

And now, by my faith, queer things did I view,
As sassiety came, all bustle and stew;
The real swell rich, and the rich very new —
Just money.

While blue bloods their freezing and haughty looks threw —

'Twas funny.

You see it's like this — you've got to have dough; If you made it yourself you're new rich you know; But if Pa dug and scraped, put on a big blow,

You're in it:

If from Grandpa it came, you're blue blood I trow—
The limit.

With flourish and crash from the brassy old band,
The lady dame Managers, with dignity grand,
Receive the big gun with a shake of the hand—
Single hearted:

And the strains of a dreamy "valse" waft from the stand —

And it's started.

And now, looking down from my gallery perch (I got there again with a push and a lurch),

The scene seems to baffle my wandering search—

It's so splendid.

Its bewildering, dazzling color and such — Never ended.

With high necks and low necks, and some cut too low,

With fat necks and lean necks, and red necks I trow,

And some necks so bad they're a real holy show — Not worth mention.

There's more rubber necks than all others I know —
All attention.

And the gowns — well, well, they had to be seen;
There was red, white, blue, pink, yellow and green;
There was black spangled net and white orepe de
chine —

And diamonds.

And cMffon was shoved on all others I ween — And diamonds.

There was white lace, and black lace, and yellow brocade,

And Irish point lace and lace all hand made; Grenadines and all other "eens" known to the trade—

And diamonds.

Silks and satins of every conceivable shade —
And diamonds.

There were diamonds on fair hands, diamonds in hair,

And diamonds were nestling on white bosoms bare, And the sheen and the sparkle pervaded the air— Surely diamonds.

I wouldn't say fake stones were seen anywhere—
All were diamonds.

There was powder on shoulders, more on the floor, And sprinkled on coat sleeves of dandies a score; But none on high coiffure like beauties of yore—

Fain would leave us:

Our beauties depend on the curling iron more
To deceive us.

And the military surely was not in the shade, With handsome dress coat and dazzling gold braid; Many gallant tin soldiers out on parade— Proudly swagger.

Better drilled in piercing the eye of coy maid
Than with dagger.

And chappies stood round with correct stony stare,
Those pests of society known everywhere,
With brazen expression and impudent glare —
Prone to flirt.

A spoonful of brains and a shock of coarse hair —
And a shirt.

Such a dazzling, resplendent, bewildering array
The town has not seen for many a day;
Oh, pity the beggars who must stay away—
Sad and lonely.

But they can come in on the Charity lay— Beggars only.

And now with a swish, a turn and a curl,

They're off in the maze of the waltz' giddy whirl;

The gay festive beau and society girl —

And old matrons.

While all the swell set their blessings will hurl At the patrons.

See, there is a bud who is beauty itself,
How dainty she looks, the sweet little elf,
And here an old maid long, long on the shelf —
If she knew it.

Just a few I would gladly dance with myself —

As I view it.

Some dancing like sylphs, others all falls and trips, Some all bone and stay, others all fat and hips; A few truly graceful, but more doing skips, Jumps and skiddles.

While melodious, ravishing, rhapsody rips From the fiddles.

When supper was served, ye gods, what a rush! These people must live on potatoes and mush; Each one with a shove and a push and a crush —

To get at it.

Here's Charity starting at home for the push —

Let them have it.

At last the Ball's over, the lights are all out,
And a few boozy dudelets set up a great shout,
"The finest of functions," and now for a bout—
With the nappy.

And they fill up with brandy, gin, whiskey and stout —

Full and happy.

Oh, Charity suffereth long and is kind,
Behaves not unseemly, quite likely is blind,
Is never puffed up and vaunts not its mind —
Says old Paul.

Endureth all things, and perhaps good will find —
In this Ball.

## The Foolish Little Mouse.

There once was a sly and cute little mouse,
And a smart little mouse was he;
With his coat so sleek and his eyes so bright,
And he laughed aloud in his glee.
"The world is mine," said this saucy thief,
"As I wander where'er I will;
'Mid honey and sweets I roam as I please,
And of good things of life take my fill."

Have a care, little mouse, for the world is filled
With pitfalls and traps and snares;
You're a smart little chap, but perchance you'll find
That we all have our troubles and cares.
In your innocent guile you wander unchecked
'Mid the oceans of others' preserves,
But, like thousands before, you may learn too late
That crime gets the fate it deserves.

But suggestions were lost on this wise young mouse
And warnings were not in his line;
The counsels of older and far wiser heads
He spurned with contempt that was fine.
So, at last when he saw a big hunk of cheese
Hung up in a bright gilded cage,
He hailed it with joy as a feast for the gods,
He had made the big find of the age.

"Ah me," quoth our friend, "how careless, indeed,
Of the housekeeper, old Mistress Finch,
To leave out a banquet like this so exposed;
Why this is a lead pipe cinch!
I'll grab this fine meal and carry it down
To the high-toned Mice Boys Club;
After this big haul no croaker will dare
To give little Willie the snub."

So he sailed right in, and a nibble he took;
Ah, it had a Delmonico taste!

It was nectar, ambrosia, but somehow it stuck
And Willie was eager with haste;

Then with one grand effort he made a grab,
Ne'er thinking of any mishap,

When crash came the wire on the back of his neck,
Caught fast in the cruel gilded trap.

Ah, now with his squeals, and shrickings and kicks, Poor Willie too late did repent.

"Oh, brothers, I'm dying; oh, please help me out, And I'll lead the pure life of a saint."

But his friends couldn't aid, it was out of their power,

Some said he deserved it in truth, And with one final kick poor Willie was gone, Another victim of the rashness of youth. Now you gilded youths who read this sad tale,
Be guided by poor Willie's fate;
You think you know all, but your elders know more,
And repentance quite oft comes too late.
The big world is filled with sharpers and crooks,
Filled with schemes that are but gilded traps;
Take the warning of gray heads who've been thro'
the mill,

And remember poor Willie's mishaps.

#### \* \* \*

## God Bless Our Native Land.

God bless our native land;
May she forever stand
Firm for the right.
May liberty increase;
May justice never cease,
And God's most holy peace
Be her pure light.

From Malne's old rock-ribbed shores
To California's bowers
Sound jubilee.
Where great Atlantic rolls,
To broad Pacific's shoals,
Shout till it reach the poles
This land is free.

Long may her loyal sons
With valor man her guns
And guard her fame.
Where'er her flag's unfurled
Foul wrong is downward hurled,
Glad tidings through the world,
In freedom's name.

Let no dissensions rise;
Let all beneath the skies
Praise God most high.
Long live our native land;
Long may her children stand
A brave and loyal band
To do or die.

Praise to each honored name
On her great roll of fame,
Praise and renown.
Praise to great Washington,
Adams and Jefferson,
And Lincoln, sainted son,
The martyr's crown.

Great Father, from on high, Look down in majesty, Grant us Thy love. May our land ever be Home of the brave and free, And all praise be to Thee, Great God above.

## The First Coat of Green.

The loveliest days in all the year
Are the early days of spring,
When the skies are limpid, and blue and clear,
And the birds are on the wing;
The velvety grass spread out to the sun
Like an emerald carpeting seen,
And all the bushes and trees take on
Their first coat of green.

What a mystery opens before our gaze,
And how little attention we give
To the transformation taking place
When Nature bids all things live;
Thou grub-worm, man, lift up thine eyes
From digging for baubles mean,
There's a miracle happening beneath the skies,
'Tis the first coat of green.

The wide-spreading elm, whose long naked arms
Have stood all winter forlorn,
Now suddenly clothed with the greatest of charms,
While its leafy top echoes with song;
And each little bush, whose buds open out,
Lends still further charm to the scene;
'Tis the wand of a fairy bringing about
The first coat of green.

And e'en while the young tender leaves open up, Come blossoms on tree, bush and vine,

The white and the purple, the red flaring cup, In a glory of coloring fine;

Each kissed by the sun and the soft gentle rain, God's messengers mighty, I ween;

Old earth is awake, 'tis the spring come again

In her first coat of green.

Oh, Nature, thou mother that cradles us all,
How wonderfully great is thy work!
Tho' we fail and falter, she fails not at all,
Nor ever her duty will shirk;
In majestic procession the seasons come round,
All orderly, placid, serene;
Oh, soul that complaineth, thy lesson is found
In the first coat of green.

Oh, feast of the Easter, in all ages kept
To welcome the promise of spring,
The winter is over, when old earth has slept,
Thy glory, triumphant, we sing;
Be this our reward when life's winter's o'er,
And weary eyes close on life's scene,
We awake in the land where winter's no more,
'Mid eternity's unchanging green.

# Little Tommy.

Inquisitive, bright little Tommy,
With his curly, golden locks,
Laughing bright eyes and dimpled chin,
Has pinloned my heart in the stocks;
Chubby wee hands, and pattering feet,
Busy the livelong day;
He is the monarch of all the house,
And wonderfully great is his sway.

Always inquiring, with bright little mind,
How to do this and do that,
Constantly seeking some knowledge to find,
And storing it down 'neath his hat;
I can make boats, or I can drive nails,
When I get big I will do,
Oh, such big things, and, oh, such great deeds,
And do them far better than you.

Dear little boaster and dear little pet,

How he will wind 'round our hearts,

Whipping his horses and sailing his boats,

Or driving around with his carts;

Still not an instant, with puzzling requests,

Which come in his bright little head,

Till the tired little legs kneel down to say prayers,

And the curly pow tumbles in bed.

Ah, little Tommy, the world is all yours,
Nothing but sunshine and glee;
Papa and mamma will watch o'er his bark
Till it launches on life's stormy sea;
God's darling angels, these dear little tots,
Pledges from Heaven above;
Dear little Tommy I'm sending a kiss,
In greeting, remembrance and love.

#### \* \* \*

# My Peggy.

If all the wealth the world could give
Were laid down at my feet,
I'd spurn it all, could I not live
And love my Peggy, sweet.

One glance which Peggy's eyes may dart, One touch of Peggy's hand, One gentle throb from Peggy's heart, Were worth a kingdom grand.

Far more than all the lands or gold 'Neath Heaven's dome above

Ten thousand times ten thousand told,

Is one pure woman's love.

Give me the humblest, poorest cot,
With Peggy's love and worth,
And I'll not change with you, I wot,
Though you have all the earth.

## Help It On.

If you find a righteous cause,

Help it on;
Only faint hearts halt or pause,

Help it on;
Never stop to count the cost,
Undecided men are lost,
Greatest deeds come tempest tossed,

Help it on.

Does your country need your arm?

Help it on;
Save it from all woe or harm,

Help it on;
Patriots come at country's call,
Kings may rise, or kings may fall,
Liberty stands first of all,

Help it on.

Join the army of the just,

Help it on;
Labor hard, for work you must,

Help it on;
Don't stand lagging in the rear,
Let your voice ring true and clear,
Blaze the way, like pioneer,

Help it on.

Can you scent a good reform?

Help it on;

Never halt or be lukewarm,

Help it on;

Work it out to final letter,

Snap the chain and break the fetter,

Make the world a little better,

Help it on.

There's a future just ahead,
Help it on;

Never mind the past—it's dead,
Help it on;

Work with steady arm and true,
Every man will have his due,
Your reward's awaiting you,
Help it on.

Can you hear the Master's call?
Help it on;
Don't you know He needs your all?
Help it on;
Life is short and full of woe,
Scatter sunshine as you go,
Work for God while here below,
And He'll help on.

## Two Little Shoes.

Two little shoes so soft and white,
Resting on mother's knee,
And, oh, they bring such thoughts to-night
Of the babe who was all to me;
Only two little, tiny shoes,
Fastened with ribbon and bow,
But only those who have babes to lose
Can feel with me in my woe.

Two little arms so white and sleek,
Two little eyes so blue,
Two little hands upon my cheek,
And my darling's prattle and coo;
Over my soul the sad waves come,
Lonely my heart and drear,
For my little pet has reached his home,
While I sit mourning here.

Those laughing eyes no more will shine,
And my baby's voice is still,
A little flower-decked grave is mine,
On the greensward under the hill;
And there I sit thro' summer days,
Thro' days that are lonely and long,
And each little birdie carols its lays,
To pour forth its glad heart in song.

But, oh, I know, as I sit and weep,
That dear little heart is at rest;
God took my darling and He will keep,
Safe now on the good Shepherd's breast;
Two little shoes to be my joy,
Cheering my lonely heart,
Till mother goes to her baby boy
In Heaven, no more to part.

#### \* \* \*

## Just a Tribute.

To-night I'm thinking of one I lost,
Of the boy who was all the world to me,
And memory's leaves are turned and tossed,
As the long, long past I see.

And oh, I remember to give him up
Was a soul-wrench hard and cruel to bear,
But time, the healer, has smoothed the cup
And worn the rough edge bare.

May God be praised that time does heal, To temper grief, both great and small, Else you and I both know and feel 'Twere hell to live at all.

And I'm not given to fulsome praise,

Nor would I set him up apart,

But you who've passed thro' those dark days

Can understand my heart.

For every moment dies a soul,
And mourners go about with tear,
But the hardest thing of all to thole
Is the loss of children dear.

And I simply want to do my part In tribute to his memory dear, To the gentle soul and tender heart That lived while he was here.

There's a vacant chair still placed for him,
There's an unhealed wound within my heart,
And there 'twill stay till life grows dim,
And I from earth depart.

For now I know that all things work Together for our own best good, And life's hard strife we must not shirk, Nor could not if we would.

## \* \* \*

## Dear Little Charles.

We're delighted to have the cute little pad,
And the Christmas greeting we prize, dear,
And the picture of the sweet little lad
Who "looked us in the eyes," dear;
So, dear little boy, we send you all,
To Truman, and Edward, and you, dear,
And mother and father, of Cameron Hall,
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

It's cold and bleak, and the strong winds blow,
And a good warm fire is nice, dear,
The big boys play with sleds in the snow
Or go skating away on the ice, dear;
But our little boy is still too small
To indulge in the winter sports, dear,
Yet some day our Charles will be big and tall
And make lots of snow balls and forts, dear.

But when summer comes and the grass is green,
And the sun is shining so good, dear,
We'll go to the farm where we have been,
And roam in the meadow and wood, dear;
We'll chase the chickies, and make them shoo,
And hear them say cluck, cluck, dear,
And the rooster will say cock-doodle-doo,
And his feathers we'll try to pluck, dear.

The old cows will say oh moo, oh moo,
And the piggies will squeal week, week, dear,
And the pigeons will set up a coo, coo, coo,
The pigeons that look so sleek, dear;
And the big, big pig will grunt ugh, ugh,
And Charles can look in the sty, dear,
But we won't get close to his dirty stew,
Or he'll throw it up in our eye, dear.

And Charles can go to the barn and play,
And look in the horse's stall, dear,
He can hear the horses whinnie and neigh,
And ride in the carriage and all, dear;

What lots of fun we'll have when we go
To the lovely summer farm, dear,
It's better to play in dirt than in snow,
Where little boys get no harm, dear.

We can see the little lambs frisk and play,
And run with the kitties and dog, dear,
And sail your wee, little boat away,
And chase little boy 'round the log, dear;
Oh, I wish that the summer time was here,
I'm sick of seeing the snow, dear,
And if little Charles goes there this year,
I guess I will have to go dear.

#### \* \* \*

## Dearest Old Albany.

Sing a glad song for our dearest old Albany,
Loud be the chorus in honor we raise,
Loyal and brave are the sons of old Albany,
Faithful and true to the end of their days;
Hail to thee Albany, hail to thy glory,
Hail to the men who have brought thee renown,
Famous they made thee in song and in story,
Adding fresh laurels thy glory to crown.

Proudly she sits on her hill tops adorning,
Fairest bright gem on the Hudson's clear wave,
Sparkling like jewel in the sun-glow of morning,
Grandest of sights the Almighty e'er gave;

Noble her towers, and her spires so entrancing, Crowned with the grandeur of capitol's dome, Framed by a background of mountains enhancing, Beautiful city, our much beloved home.

Lapping her feet is the beautiful river,
Famed for its scenic renown as the best,
Bearing a continent's trade, and forever
Gateway of commerce for all the great West;
Lovely her streets and broad avenues branching,
Bordered with maple and elm entwined,
Under whose shades many fair eyes are glancing,
Far famed for beauty, and fondly enshrined.

Here have we all spent our youth and our manhood,
Here have we all formed our friendships so true,
Here all our forbears have labored with plan good,
Striving that Albany might have its due;
Here are the classic old halls of our school days,
Here the old pedagogues skilful to rule,
Here all the youthful pranks played in our fool
days,
Better men now that we then played the fool.

Here the old streets where our youthful feet wandered,

Here were the landmarks impressed on the mind, The famous old elm, some years ago sundered, And the quaint old Dutch gables, only here that you'd find, The old parade ground and the country roads leading,

Old Buttermilk Falls and its charming old green, And the lovely Patroons with its gardens receding, All these, and much more have our youthful eyes seen.

And now, tho' these landmarks have vanished forever.

In the march of improvement new beauties we see,

And the dearest old town on the banks of the river Is dearer than ever to you and to me;

Our parks are unmatched for their grandeur and beauty,

Our avenues and boulevards stretch a fair line, While set like a gem — to admire is a duty — Is the continent's wonder, our Capitol fine.

And the tourist who sails up the beautiful river, E'en charmed by the landscape so changing and new.

Is filled with a wonderful glow and a quiver, As the glory of Albany bursts on his view;

The others may beast of their greater expansion,
And the black smoke of business their whole
extent fills,

America's gem—set like heavenly mansion

Is Albany—sparkling and crowned on its hills.

O, Albany, fondly I'll sing of thy glory,
Thy sons have been famous in peace and in war,
May thy children ever be proud of thy story,
And proud to remember thy true sons they are;
Right gladly I'll chant thy praises forever,
Though truly some room for improvement I see,
But long as life lasts, come weal or woe, never
Will I ever waver in true love for thee.

All thy sons, Albany, where'er they wander,
Far from the fireside o'er mountain and main,
Still with a heart-beat that ever grows fonder,
Welcome the day they will see thee again;
Loyal to Albany, proud of old Albany,
Tears dim their eyes at thy dear hallowed name,
Glad to return to the streets of old Albany,
No place on earth to them ever the same.

Sing then a song for our dear beloved Albany,
Join in the anthem, all true loyal sons,
Shoulder to shoulder, work hard for old Albany,
Send forth her praises as long as blood runs;
Sing for old Albany, Albany, Albany,
Dearly we love her wherever we roam;
We'll fight for Albany, die for old Albany,
Dearest old Albany, always our home.

## The Beautiful Hudson.

The German may sing of his fabled old Rhine,
The Frenchman may boast of the Seine,
The Austrian thinks the blue Danube is fine,
In its long flowing course thro' the main;
But I sing a river more beautiful still,
Oh, charmingly sweet does it glide,
And ripples so lovely by many green hill,
'Tis the Hudson, our joy and our pride.

Thou famous old river, the theme of my lays,

How grand is thy sparkle and sheen—
'Neath glorious sun of the long summer days

Thy radiant beauty is seen;

How wanton thy waters the velvet banks lave,

Or gurgle in frolicsome glee,

How bright is the glint of thy clear crystal wave,

In its gay laughing march to the sea.

Thy long graceful curves and far winding bends
Are wondrous enchanting to view,
For another begins as soon as one ends
In far-reaching vistas anew;
Whilst framed by the banks of green-crested hills,
Like bright silver thread thou dost seem,
In an emerald setting, whose beauty e'en thrills
'Neath the sun's dazzling sparkle and gleam.

Now winding 'neath mountains whose high rugged peaks

Like sentries preside o'er the scene,

While the voice of old Rip from dark shadow speaks,

And white gleaming castles are seen;

Now flowing past meadows and long gentle sweeps, While here and there gracefully curled,

Each hamlet and village so modestly peeps, In beauty unmatched thro' the world.

Now rushing past cities, crowned high on the hills Or nestling down close to the shore,

Whose commerce and enterprise high station fills In loud busy bustle and roar;

E'en gliding away on soft-swelling tide, By many a moorland and lea.

And here and there narrow, and here and there wide,

Till it bursts into broad Tappan Zee.

Enrapt with the beauty, entranced by the spell, Still far grander beauty appears

As down through the Highlands thy blue waters swell,

Those monarchs, all hoary with years;
So towering and mighty, great Titans of old,
They stand like the guards of the place,
While curving at foot of their bases so bold
Thy waters in glad triumph race.

Through mountain and valley, past many greensward,

Or singing by green grassy glades,
At last comes the gem of thy crown and reward
In the marvelous bold Palisades;
Like mighty old fortress, beetling and gray,
Built not by the weak hand of man,
Thrown up in the dim ages, cycles away,
In remembrance of old Nature's plan.

And ever thy blue waters peacefully flow 'Mid scenery unmatched in the world,
As charming to-day as they were years ago
When Hendrick his sail first unfurled;
O, wondrously beautiful, wondrously fair
Is our river that flows to the sea,
There's no stream on earth can ever compare
With the Hudson, for you and for me.

And if in the day 'tis so wondrously fair,
How charming by light of the moon,
Oh, miss not the sight so lovely and rare,
When the mistress of night is in tune;
When the water, the banks and the radiant shores
Are touched with the long silver bars,
'Tis a balm for the soul that healeth life's sores
Like a message from lands beyond stars.

You may sing of the old castled Rhine, if you will, You may boast of the beautiful Seine, You may praise the blue Danube, and rave o'er it still,

But all your laudation is vain; Let honor be given where honor should fall, For, of all of earth's rivers renowned, The beautiful Hudson is king of them all, And king of them all shall be crowned.

#### \* \* \*

# The Bishop and the Nazarene.

The bishop is sleek, and round and fair,
And a mighty power in the church is he,
And he walks about with a lordly air,
Quite far above you and me.

His ritual is long, and great and grand, Performed with studied, cultured drawl, But the service is hard to understand, For he sings or chants it all.

And as that voice, high trained to art, Rolls resonant thro' vaulted aisle, And each inflection and studied part Are emphasized the while,

It seems as the 'twere all designed,
With wealth of ceremony drear,
To force no truths upon the mind,
But please the eye and ear.

But I look back, through stress and storm, To where old Judah's hills are seen, And I seem to see the face and form Of the lowly Nazarene.

Of the lowly Nazarene, who lived
'Mid caves and rocks, 'mid heath and wood,
Of the lowly Nazarene, who lived
His whole life doing good.

And think as I will, it seems to me

That a note of discord creeps in here,
And all this mummery seems to be

A reason for doubt and fear.

For there's something about the Nazarene, And the simple service that he made his, And his poverty and humble mien That don't fit in with this.

And it isn't the tale of his fabled birth,
Nor it isn't the mircles he performed,
But the truths he uttered of sterling worth
By which men's hearts are warmed.

To do as you would be done by,

To love thy neighbor as thyself,

To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,

To hoard not gain nor pelf.

To worship God with simple prayer,

To pray with heart, and not with tongue,

For in His sight all pomp and blare

Are but by heathen sung.

To aid the needy, help the poor,

To lift the outcast sunken low,

And find the way to Heaven's door

By doing good below.

"For I am meek, of lowly heart,

"And ye shall to your souls find rest,

"Oh, take my yoke, and do my part,"

And is not this the best?

For it seems to me if one should come And proclaim himself the Nazarene, That he would hardly find a home 'Mid all that gorgeous scene.

And I doubt if they would know him there,
And I wonder if he would welcome be,
And all this glitter, and pomp, and blare
Would he be pleased to see?

For he'd have no halo around his brow,
And he wouldn't be robed as pictures show;
He'd be simply dressed as men dress now,
But his wonderful eyes would glow.

And, oh, those eyes of heavenly light,
So meek and lowly, and pure, and glad,
Would fix on the bishop with vision bright
In a look so pained and sad.

And the haughty bishop would mumble o'er
His well-conned ritual, stupid and slow,
And he whom this service is said to be for
Would rise in his place and go.

Aye, go to the weary, down-cast soul,

To the sinners who so humbly pray,

And with healing touch to make them whole,

And wash their sins away.

Oh, men and women, I pray you say,
And is not this what he would do?
And if he came to earth to-day,
Would he mean those words for you?

"For I am meek, of lowly heart,

"And ye shall to your souls find rest,

"Oh, take my yoke, and do my part,"

And is not this the best?

For in high ritual can you find,

The insincere lip-service there,

The rest for soul, or peace of mind,

Of one pure, heartfelt prayer?

And for all the bishop may intone,
And for all his rounded periods roll,
That cry will nearer reach the throne
From some poor outcast soul.

And 'gainst this factored ritual grand,
Aye, 'gainst this mumbling book's behest,
The humble publican will stand
Who smote upon his breast.

For all this ceremony drear,
And all these heathen rites observed,
Are but to please the eye and ear,
And but to mammon served.

And as for me, I'd rather be
Without the pale of church's door,
If this is all they'd show to me,
Nor could not show me more.

For I would rather take my chance Of honor here, and life above, If I to some poor soul perchance, Might show one act of love.

For I believe one kindly glow,
One cup of water humbly given,
Will count for more than all this show,
As stepping stone to Heaven.

And as we journey o'er life's way,

To try and smooth some thorny road,
And remember all are made of clay,

And we cannot mummery God.

For, if I try to do some good,
And try to true and honest be,
And love my neighbor as I should,
That's faith enough for me.

And the haughty bishop may intone, And genufiect and bend the knee, And all his underlings may crone Their well-conned breviary,

But I will pray with simple rood,
From humble, contrite, weary soul,
Oh, teach me how to do some good,
And Thou canst make me whole.

And may Thy power so teach all men
That they with humble faith may see,
To try and do Thy will, and then
To leave it all with Thee.

For all these worldly trappings bright, And all this tinsel, pomp and show, Are but as chaff before Thy sight, Just children's work below. And all these things Thou needest not,
For all Thy children need to do
Is pray that Thou wilt wash the blot,
And give them life anew.

Oh, worship God with simple prayer,
Oh, pray with heart, and not with tongue,
And strip thy soul of fetich bare,
By poor blind heathen sung.

For He who rules in courts of Heaven, And sent His message by His Son, Has asked that simple faith be given, And let His will be done.

Oh, men and women, I pray you say,
And is not this what he would do?
And if he came to earth to-day,
Would he mean those words for you?

"For I am meek, of lowly heart,

"And ye shall to your souls find rest,

"Oh, take my yoke and do my part,"

And is not this the best?

## The Same Canteen.

Well, Harry, old friend, I'm thinking to-night
Of the days of the long ago,
When we marched away in our uniforms bright
And made such a gallant show;
There are many memories that fondly rise
Of those brave old days, I ween,
While I think of the times, with tears in my eyes,
When we drank from the same canteen.

We were lusty youths, both me and you,
And filled with an ardent fire,
And we wanted to go with the boys in blue,
Ah, that was our hearts' desire;
The old flag needed defenders then,
For the dark, dark days were seen,
And the country demanded her very best men,
When we drank from the same canteen.

I believe that mighty few of us thought
Of the dangers that lay ahead,
And little we knew of the havoc wrought
In that charnel house of the dead;
When we marched away with drums and band,
And huzzas enlivened the scene,
We saw not death, with his grim skinny hand,
When we drank from the same canteen.

But many a night as the army lay
In those dark Virginia swamps
And malaria settled in deadly way
By the light of the fire flies' lamps,
My God, how the boys began to pine,
And turn dark, and yellow, and green,
And we lost them fast from rank and line,
When we drank from the same canteen.

And many a day as we'd tramp thro' mire
They'd fall by the road in a heap,
And we lost them fast by sword and fire,
With scarcely a memory to keep;
Old man, those were days that tried the soul,
And we're bound to hold them green,
For we helped to keep this country whole,
When we drank from the same canteen.

But the pleasantest days of all would seem
When we'd get long letters from home,
And the boys would sit by the campfire's gleam,
While the tears unbidden would come;
And we'd sing old home songs, loud and strong,
While we thought of the old home scene,
And share our blankets and hard-tack along,
While we drank from the same canteen.

Well, we followed the flag wherever she'd go, And she took us in many a fight, For the old man never was known to be slow, And, by God, he was usually right; 'Twas hell on us all, but it had to be done,
The greatest war ever was seen,
It settled the question for all time to come,
When we drank from the same canteen.

You remember that most ungodly day
When we fought at Seven Pines,
And Grant, in his stubborn and dogged way,
Was a-tryin' to break their lines;
In a charge on our left we broke and flew,
And I dropped, shot through, on the green,
But you shouldered and brought me safely through,
When we drank from the same canteen.

Well, at last the war was done, and won,
Yes, won in the proper way,
And those that were left, with sword and gun,
Marched back by the light of day;
How many brave hearts are sleeping there
In unmarked graves, I ween,
The boys who shared our bunk and fare,
When we drank from the same canteen.

The boys that remain are old and gray,
Those boys of the long ago,
If the old fiag needed defenders to-day,
The youngsters would have to go;
God bless the old fiag, now waving o'er
A country whose equal's not seen,
And bless the old boys who the uniform wore,
When we drank from the same canteen.

# A Prayer for America.

God of our fathers, by whose hand All goodness is supplied, Oh, guard and bless our native land, Be Thou our strength and guide.

Thou, who from everlasting art,
Oh, to our prayer give ear,
And grant that we may do our part
To build Thy kingdom here.

Teach us to humbly pray to Thee,
Thy guidance may be given,
That all we are, or hope to be,
Might come as light from Heaven.

Be Thou our guardian, father, friend, And all Thy blessings shower, So long as we Thy name defend, And praise Thee every hour.

Our fathers sought Thy holy name When struggling to be free, Oh, may we ever do the same, Still trusting, Lord, in Thee.

The patriots' God Thou wast and art, And Thou hast blest their land, Oh, may Thy grace incline our heart Still in Thy strength to stand. Save us from foolish discontent,
If aught Thou hast denied,
Or if Thy power has goodness lent,
Keep us from haughty pride.

Teach us to know, and see, and feel
That but by serving Thee,
Can we advance our country's weal,
And make it what should be.

Oh, hold our land forever Thine, By Thy great mercy blessed, A refuge for all human kind, A balm for all oppressed.

God keep it where our fathers meant
It should forever be,
By Heaven's light, eternal sent,
Home of the brave and free.

Guide us forever toward the right,
Yet, if we go astray,
Lord, by Thy matchless power and might,
Show us that better way.

For only by the narrow path
Of righteousness and truth
Can we expect to 'scape Thy wrath,
Or hold Thy love forsooth.

Keep us from all hypocrisy,
All shuffling, cant or fad,
For only honor makes for Thee,
Our Father and our God.

Oh, be our stay when skies are bright, And when the tempests lower, For only thro' Thy grace and might We live from hour to hour.

Be with our rulers, great and small, That they may know and see, They are but servants of us all, And serve by serving Thee.

Keep us in paths of perfect peace, Removed from hell of war; O'er all the world may conflict cease, And love smooth out all jar.

Oh, shower Thy blessings on our land, If so it pleaseth Thee; One God, one flag, one fatherland, One blessed trinity.

Yet, hold Thou not the chastening rod,
If from Thy path we stray,
That we may know that Thou art God,
And we must needs obey.

We ask not, seek not, temporal might, We only wish to be The common people's joy and light, Still ruled and blessed by Thee.

And may we all, as duty strives,
By Thy great mercy blest,
Lead honest, simple, truthful lives,
For simple lives are best.

While still our faith looks up to Thee, We pray from sun to sun, Lord, may we all Thy children be, And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, great Lord of earth and Heaven, Of angels, saints and men, All glory, laud, and praise be given, World without end. Amen.

## \* \* \*

## Uncle Billy.

It's "William Tecumseh Sherman" on the shining roll of fame,

And he has blazoned high thereon a great and glorious name;

It's "General Sherman" in the terms which history employs,

But it's just old "Uncle Billy" to his boys.

- Just plain old "Uncle Billy," with his pants shoved in his boots,
- Just grim old "Uncle Billy," smoking fierce long, dark cheroots:
- A rough outside, but heart of gold, as every soldier knew,
- Our great old "Uncle Billy," staunch and true.
- They fought with him in hard campaigns, along the Tennessee,
- They marched with him triumphant from Atlanta to the sea;
- They swore by him, they'd die for him, and gladly meet the call,
- For grand old "Uncle Billy" was their all.
- You'll find them yet in many towns throughout the boundless West.
- They're thinning fast, and most have gone to their eternal rest;
- But those that stay, tho' grim and gray, yet proudly tell it o'er.
- They fought with "Uncle Billy" in the war.
- For he was grandest general that ever buckled sword,
- And the at first they doubted him, at last came his reward:
- A grateful country placed his name high on her roll of fame,
- But he's old "Uncle Billy" just the same.

- His critics called him crazy man, and swore they'd put him out,
- But he forced them by deeds, not words, to change their blame to shout;
- That grand and grim persistency that never knew defeat
- Has made old "Uncle Billy's" mem'ry sweet.
- He fought his country's battles with a courage firm and true,
- His one desire to force respect to old Red, White and Blue;
- Though "war was hell," yet still that flag must wave o'er all the land,
- And there old "Uncle Billy" took his stand.
- Do you wonder that they honor him for all he was and did.
- Or wonder that his old boys yell to almost lift the lid?
- At every veteran gathering thro' all these waning years
- They shout for "Uncle Billy" through their tears.
- For he was more than general, he was counselor and friend.
- And humblest private's wants were not too small to note and tend;
- There never was a single day in all that trying round
- When "Uncle Billy's" heart could not be found.

- And when the war was ended, all the gallant boys in gray
- Found him as firmly battling then to wash the stain away;
- For men will differ, honestly, as long as life has woes,
- And "Uncle Billy" honored worthy foes.
- Then shout for "Uncle Billy," boys, and make the welkin ring,
- His deeds are surely great enough for all the world to sing;
- And when his boys who fought with him have gone to final rest,
- Old "Uncle Billy's" name will still be blest.
- Your "Uncle Billy" then, old boys, our "Uncle Billy" now,
- For all the country rose to place the laurel on his brow;
- His work is done, he's gone to rest, his soul has mounted high,
- But "Uncle Billy's" name will never die.

## The Mountain Crag.

I stood on the edge of a mountain crag
When the woods were fresh and green,
Sweet Nature's charms my soul to flag
As I gazed on that wondrous scene,
While the grandeur of hill, and rock, and brook
Filled heart and mind with awe,
Like a leaf from the Great Creator's book,
Whose making no man ever saw.

At my feet was the gurgling mountain brook,
Loud rippling and dancing to see,
Here searching for some dark, hidden nook,
There chattering and babbling with glee;
Ah, this is childhood, happy and gay,
All heart free from thought of care,
Glad singing and dancing the livelong day,
Sun-kissed and resplendent and rare.

I gazed on the hill that was nearest to view,
All fragrant with balsam and pine,
Green mantled, and sparkling with radiant dew,
And sloping with graceful incline;
Ah, this is strong youth, still verdant and new,
Just entering the battle of life,
Ambitious, and hoping to dare and to do,
All eager to take up the strife.

And still farther back rose peak upon peak,
Majestically rearing their crests,
Stern, rugged, forbidding, whose pinnacles seek
E'en clouds to do their behests;
Ah, this is stern manhood, virile and strong,
Showers blessings or curses with might,
With influence spreading the valleys along,
And powerful for wrong or for right.

And far in the nebulous mist and the haze
Were the distant peaks so gray,
As silent and still as the ancient of days,
Like a blessing at close of the day;
Ah, this is old age, uncertain and dim,
And shrouded with doubt like a pall,
Meet that it should stand the nearest to Him
Who made and created it all.

And now over mountain, and valley, and hill,
Over peak upon peak as I view,
The radiant sunset is sending its thrill
In colors of wonderful hue;
And tree, and rock, and hill, and shore,
Reflect its brilliant glow,
And bid my soul in love adore
All Nature's works below.

And after the sun has sunk below

The furthermost peak that's in sight,

Comes the wonderful aftermath tint and glow

That floods the whole world with its light;

And it seems as if just behind those fires, Only hid from my sight by a rod, I can almost see its domes and spires, Is the beautiful city of God.

And I sit and think of that wonderful shore,
Transfigured with Heaven's pure light,
And the faces of loved ones gone before
Seem to beam forth a welcome bright;
And as slowly and surely the darkness gains,
Comes the grayness of twilight down,
But the holy peace of that place remains
Like the touch of a heavenly crown.

# \* \* \*

# Dear Charley.

Dear Charley, if all of life's sunshine could be Collected, where nothing could sever, I'd pray that its rays might fall upon thee,

To illumine thy pathway forever.

I esteem you for qualities of heart and of mind, Unusual, and free from all folly, And doubt if a search thro' the wide world could

A nature more sunny and jolly.

find.

It's a pleasure to meet you and see your glad smile,
Though prospects at times might be dreary,
For a shake of your hand and your banter the
while.

Could cheer up the sad and the weary.

You're always the same, both in sunshine and storm,

May the bonds of our friendship be closer, For your greeting is always so cordial and warm, It's as good as a draught of ambrosia.

I've known you so long as a friend good and true, That I'm certain I never could bear it, If aught should e'er come 'twixt me and 'twixt you, To sever our friendship, or tear it.

I hope to be counted forever your friend,
Not only in sun to be basking,
If needed, command me to aid or defend,
My service is yours for the asking.

I wish you, in truth, all the good things of life,
And successes thrice three times repeated,
But if dark clouds should come, or cares should be rife,
Of my friendship you'll never be cheated.

And now I will pledge you in full brimming glass, Here's to you as long as life flickers, And may we be friends whatever may pass, Without any bargains or dickers.

And should I be first to pass to my rest,
Lay the sprig of acacia above me,
And if you precede me, I'll heed the behest,
To show I remember and love thee.

## The Boys of Fifty-four.

- Dear Comrades, fill your glasses up and drink a toast on high,
- To those who braved the battle's brunt when danger hovered nigh.
- The boys who then bore sword and gun have now gone on before,
- But memory stills holds fresh and green "The Boys of Fifty-four."
- Is there a man in all our ranks who honors not their worth?
- Is there one voice would fail to give their meed of praise on earth?
- No, Comrades, we can ne'er forget their patriotic fire,
- Thank God, that we are worthy sons of a more than worthy sire!
- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, that when there came the need,
- The boys of Fifty-four stood fast in action, word and deed.
- The mutterings of that bloody clash that soon would shake our land,
- Taught them to form, arm and equip, and at attention stand.

- Fling out you starry banner, aye let its glorious folds
- Lie gently on the turf wherein our heroes' dust now moulds.
- They loved that sacred emblem and fought to hold its fame;
- Let us hold dear the heritage of their undying name.
- Their deeds are writ in words of blood on History's sacred page;
- Their deeds will shout with tongues of flame from age to endless age.
- No sculptured stone nor lettered brass need tell their glories o'er,
- For in our hearts their memory lives, and lives forevermore.
- From homes of wealth and modest homes, they came at sound of drum,
- And rallied round the Stars and Stripes, for Country, God and Home;
- They swore eternal fealty to Union's starry shield, And well they kept that sacred oath on many a bloody field.
- Such were the men who formed the ranks of dear old Company "B."
- And such were they who planted firm the Continental tree.

- In reverence took the name of him whom all the world holds high,
- The sacred name of Washington, a name that cannot die.
- Can we forget those honored names, can mind or heart delay
- In giving them all credit for the place we hold to-day?
- They made the fame of Company "B" renowned in camp and field,
- The fame she's held for fifty years, the fame she'll never yield.
- All glory, laud, and honor, then, to those brave hearts of yore,
- Let laurel, oak, and evergreen hail them forevermore;
- To gallant Davis and his boys let all high honor be, Three cheers for them and for their deeds, and three for Company "B."
- Tho' fifty years have waxed and waned, still floats our ensign high;
- Still holds that same proud spirit that's resolved to do or die.
- In all these years, nor blot nor stain did our escutcheon mar,
- We stand to-day as we stood then, the first in peace and war.

- Long may our dear loved Company hold fast her fair renown;
- Long may her sons be proud of her, and proud of what she's done.
- May her "Old Guard" be glad to serve, if but occasion needs,
- And may her Active Company be first in martial deeds.
- And long as blood flows thro' our veins, and long as true hearts beat.
- · Let's cherish those who marched with "B," and keep their memory sweet;
  - And first of all on honor's roll, let's honor evermore, Those gallant, brave and loyal boys, "The Boys of Fifty-four."

#### . .

# School Boy Days.

Let poets chime in stately rhyme,
Of love, or war, or weather,
I'd rather sing the old school time
When we were boys together.
Those dear old days were full of joy
And wild, rough boyish raptures;
Old Father Time make me a boy,
Such thought my fancy captures.

Talk as you will of honors grand,
Of wealth, or social glory,
There lives no man in all the land
But loves the school-boy story;
And tho' he shine in stately hall
Or trade for gain and barter,
The tears will all unbidden fall
At thought of "Alma Mater."

May palsy strike my good right arm
If I refuse or waver
To save my dear old school from harm
Or hold from her my favor.
At thought of her my bosom thrills
With jealous warmth and fervor,
Like radiant glow on sun-kissed hills,
Like zeal of ardent lover.

What pleasant memories fondly twine
Around those days of childhood,
Like sweet perfume from fragrant vine
In groves of tangled wildwood;
As gentle dew on burning grass
Or rain on sun-baked prairie,
Come memories of the old school class
To hearts grown sad and weary.

What peepings in each other's books, What hatred of all study, What glances shy, and furtive looks At maidens fair and ruddy; What ghastly jokes on teachers all, What festive bent pins ready, What hailings up to Study Hall To get our lectures steady.

What recitations in the class,
What woful Greek and Latin,
What jargon tried for French to pass,
What German "hast du machen;"
What sums in mathematics dire,
What frightful metaphysics;
Is't any wonder teachers tire,
And take to drugs and physics?

What weird, sad verses in our books,
What art between the covers,
What meetings dark in shady nooks
Of school girls and their lovers;
What shocking breaks in literature,
What wild and awful grammar;
In fact, on nothing were we sure,
Tho' taught with tongs and hammer.

But what of that, 'tis from the school
That we forge out a Nation,
And tho' the boy is hard to rule
He takes his proper station;
'Tis there his character he builds,
That makes him true and steady,
And in due time his place he fills;
His country finds him ready.

Oh Father, bless our dear old school
And bless the dear old tutors,
Grant by Thy wisdom they may rule
To mould our children's futures.
May loyal sons in every clime,
With love and veneration,
Praise those old halls in prose and rhyme
That gave them education.

Dear Classmates all, tho' we may strive
For wealth, fame or position,
Let's never fail to keep alive
The old school-time tradition.
We'll lay sweet wreaths of immortelles
On graves of our departed,
And clasping hands, while bosom swells,
Shrine our school single hearted.

#### 14 14 14

## The Robin.

Merrily singing at earliest morn,
Joyfully halling the sun with thy note,
Hopping so gaily o'er each grassy lawn,
Pouring forth praises from glad joyous throat,
Dear charming robin, how welcome thou art,
Bright pretty red-breast with flowers in thy
track,

Herald of Spring, bringing joy to the heart, Winter is o'er when the robins come back. Where in the Southland hast thou found a home?
Under the cypress, the myrtle, the vine;
Why to the Northland so early to roam?
Land of the maple, the elm, the pine;
God sent thee to us His mercy to show,
Pledge that His bounty we never should lack;
God sent thee onward His message to know,
Winter is o'er when the robins come back.

Sweet lovely bird of the first days of Spring,
Welcome, thrice welcome, aye welcome again;
Joyfully flitting on God-given wing,
Sunshine announcer o'er moorland and fen;
Cheer up, sad heart, for the winter is o'er,
Earth's travail's done with its cold chilly track;
Spring, with gay blossoms, is with us once more,
Winter is o'er when the robins come back.

Ah, what a promise this brings to the soul
Weary and worn with the winter's cold blast;
This is God's herald, fulfilling its role;
God is still God, and the Spring's come at last.
Thus, at the end, may our clear vision see
Robins of promise thro' earth's sorrow black,
Thus may we joyfully sing unto Thee,
Winter is o'er when the robins come back.

### Scotland.

Know ye the land where the wild-blooming heather
E'en mantles with purple the bold rugged hills,
Where the mist and the dew make the health-giving
weather.

And down thro' the mountains run clear winding rills?

Know ye the land where the thick clouds descending Will roll like a pall over mountain and glen,

Till pierced by the sun in a glory unending,
They reflect back that glory in grandeur again?

'Tis the land of my forbears, thro' dim ages hoary,
'Tis the land of the larch and the evergreen pine,
'Tis a land that is famous in song and in story,

Old Scotland, our mother, our pride and our shrine:

Oh, land of the loch, and the mountain, and river, Of lovely green valleys and grand wooded hills,

No Scot but will sing of thy glory forever,

As long as the grand old Scotch character thrills.

How rugged thy coasts, with their deep bays indenting,

And pierced by the firths, those great arms of the sea,

Thy straths and thy glens in wild beauty presenting The most charming vistas the eye could e'er see; Thy lochs, like the pearl, with their pure sparkling water,

Thy rivers, sweet flowing o'er clear, graveled beds,

Thy wild tumbling cataracts, roaring with laughter, Where the water-nymph, smiling, her bright blessing sheds.

Oh, rugged old land, of God's natural beauty,

Thy children have ever been rugged as thou,

No tempter could swerve from the clear path of
duty,

And never 'neath master would Scot ever bow;

Thou cradle of manhood in past generations,

The home of a Bruce, of a Wallace, a Knox,

'Twas thee who taught God-given freedom to nations

As broad as thy hills, and as firm as thy rocks.

For all the green slopes where the sun may shine clearer,

For all the broad meadows the Southron may boast,

The rugged old hills of the Northron are dearer, "Old Scotland forever"—let that be our toast;

All hail to the land of the bold, dark MacGregor, The land of the Douglas, Macdonald and Bruce,

All hail to old Scotland, and may she, with vigor, Still grand Scottish manhood forever produce.

#### Lovers Yet.

#### PETER KINNEAR,

1849

# ANNIE GILCHRIST KINNEAR,

1899

Married September 11, 1849.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream"—

So sang the merry poet by Ireland's silvery stream; And sweet it is, but sweeter far the love that can't forget,

And fondly, after fifty years, still whispers, "lovers yet."

For the sunshine of their wedding day in the gray years past and gone,

When stalwart youth and fair young maid were duly knit in one,

Has broadened in the course of time to one great burst of light,

Of love, devotion, fellowship in God's most holy sight.

Aye, still may we say with the saint that these three things abide,

Faith, Hope and Love, O, boundless love, above life's swelling tide;

- And greatest of these three is Love, that fills the world with peace,
- And rolls through all eternity in waves that never cease.
- God speed them on life's journey, God keep them from all woe;
- That was their wedding benison just fifty years ago. God bless this dear old couple, and may His loving care
- Still grant them many happy years His choicest gifts to share.

#### \* \* \*

## The Old Familiar Hymns.

- I suppose I'm sentimental, and no doubt I'm rather queer,
- And it's strange, perhaps, I don't enjoy what others like to hear,
- But we all indulge in fancies, and most of us have whims,
- And one of mine is boundless love for the old familiar hymns.
- I care not for the surpliced choir, with voices trained to art,
- For all their grand and swelling chords will never touch the heart,



- Nor fill the soul with gladness, full rounding to the brim,
- Like simpler strains, and sweeter notes, of the old familiar hymn.
- You may have your grand Te Deum, with its strains so great and proud,
- You may have your Chants and Credos, and your Glorias swelling loud,
- Your Anthems and your Choral strains in great cathedrals dim,
- And I will place against them all, the old familiar hymn!
- And, oh, to hear it sung by all, let every voice unite; Let all the congregation join and sing with matchless might;
- And as that praise from thousand throats rolls upward to the sky,
- It seems as though the peace of God descends as from on high.
- For somehow, though I do not know, I cannot but believe
- That this is pleasing in His sight and He will glad receive;
- And thro' the clouds, though dimly seen, the great white throne appears,
- And we can catch a glimpse of Him, though blinded by our tears.

- For I believe that tears must come when those old hymns are sung,
- And I believe that hearts are touched, and consciences are rung,
- And when a thousand voices join in praising God most high,
- One mighty sob comes welling up, and gray mist fills the eye.
- And I believe that every soul is nearer God just then,
- And I believe that all resolve to aid their fellowmen,
- To try and make some burden light, to lift the soul that would,
- And no man needs more praise than that—"he tried to do some good."
- And if those old hymns touch the soul and soften man's hard heart.
- Oh, sing them not in church alone, but in the busy mart,
- And let their influence teach all men to know, and think, and feel.
- That they are here for others' good and not for their own weal.
- It's Christ-like to aid others and to feel another's woe,
- It's God-like to send sunshine wherever you may go;



- For each has duties to perform in making burdens light,
- And those old hymns will be our aid in God's most holy sight.
- Be Thou, O God, exalted high, Thine the almighty plan,
- And as Thy glory fills the sky, so fill the heart of man;
- Oh, may we sing those hymns to Thee from out a grateful heart,
- And may we try to live for Thee, on earth to do, our part.
- Sing "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," wherein my soul may hide,
- And "Nearer Now, My God, to Thee," and in Thy strength abide,
- "Abide With Me for Night is Nigh," and "Coronation" grand,
- And "Other Refuge Have I None," whereon my soul can stand.
- "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Gloom," for sometimes dark it seems,
- And weary souls would fain catch glimpse of Heaven's welcome gleams,
- And, oh, "When Ends Life's Transient Dream" and rest comes to the soul.
- "Angels Sing On" in courts above, for God hath made us whole.

- Oh, sing those old familiar hymns, for they will reach up higher
- Than all the pomp, and blare, and sound from great cathedral's choir;
- And of all the forms of worship that the heart of man can give,
- I think the old familiar hymn will purest, sweetest live.
- For I believe those dear old hymns go straight to Heaven's gate,
- And I believe the warders there will ope with hearts elate,
- And, as the strains are wafted thro', the great Almighty King
- Will send His blessing on those hymns, and on the hearts that sing.
- And somehow, in my simple way, I seem to pity those
- Who join not in the worship from the opening to the close,
- And wish they could be made believe 'twere far more praise to Him,
- To join with voice, and heart, and soul in an old familiar hymn.
- For my heart revolts from services where all is pomp and blare,
- With many gorgeous vestments and oft-repeated prayer,

- And I do not see the need of these, and all I need to see
- Is the publican's most humble prayer, "Be Merciful to Me."
- And when my strife on earth is done and fails my waning breath,
- When worldly things are fading fast before the march of death,
- I hope the latest sound I hear, though faint it be and dim,
- May be the ever-welcome strains of an old familiar hymn.
- And o'er my senseless clay perform what services you will,
- Say aught of good that you can find, but hold back naught of ill;
- Just one request, I make it here, oh, humor this, my whim,
- Stand 'round my grave and sing to God some old familiar hymn.
- For, if my soul is speeding, as I fondly hope it may, And winging swift its brilliant flight to realms of endless day.
- Oh, may I reach the presence and humbly bow to Him,
- With praises ringing from my lips, in a new and glorious hymn.

## The 3500.

Honest votes, honest votes!
Fell by the hundred
Into the ballot box,
While reform thundered!
It was the people's day,
Bound now to have their way,
Smashing machines their play,
Thirty-five hundred!

Not with a gentle hand,
But with determined stand,
Albany's Spartan band,
Ring rule has sundered;
All day the work went on,
From morn to set of sun,
Beverwyck's awakening gun,
Thirty-five hundred!

For more than twenty years,
Mourned by good people's tears,
While commerce disappears,
Albany slumbered;
Ruled by corruption's hand,
Jeered at throughout the land,
At last comes God's command,
Thirty-five hundred!

Spread it from shore to shore,
Tell it our country o'er,
Albany's resolved no more
To be encumbered;
Honesty's clarion voice
Makes all good men rejoice,
This is the people's choice,
Thirty-five hundred!

What does this victory mean? Dropped now all party spleen, Government pure and clean, Other towns wondered; Low taxes, cleaner streets, Policemen upon their beats, Water which all needs meets, Thirty-five hundred!

Clean out our City Hall!
Jobbers will have less gall,
Packed juries, judge and all,
Their days are numbered;
Here is the hour and man,
Wilson will lead the van,
Aid him where'er you can,
Thirty-five hundred!

How can such glory fade? Oh, what a change we made! Justice so long delayed At last has thundered; No more shall our dear town By ringsters be dragged down; Onward to new renown! Thirty-five hundred!!

#### \* \* \*

## The Old Country Road.

How pleasant it is on a lovely Spring morning,
When over the hills comes the first flush of dawn,
When long golden streaks all the heavens are
adorning,

And dew drops like jewels sparkle bright on the lawn,

'Mid the smell of the grass, and the scent of the clover.

The perfume of blossoms just recently blowed, And long-spreading branches forming arches just over,

To stroll in the morn on the Old Country Road.

Here copious draughts of Nature's pure tonic,
Will fill all your soul with its health-giving balm,
To breathe it is life, let the habit be chronic,
And learn how to live, and know life has a charm.
Here walk with old Nature in Heaven-dealing potion.
The green-templed hills are Jehovah's abode,
With the birds and the flowers offer up your
devotion.

And worship your God on the Old Country Road.

Digitized by Google

Now list to the birds in melodious chorus, Each pouring forth praise from its dear little throat,

To offer their matins in chorals so glorious,

And warble with glad heart as God gave them

note.

The red-breasted robin the radiant morn hailing, The sky lark high soaring to Heaven's blue dome, The blue jays and meadow larks gracefully sailing, And each seeking shelter to rear its wee home.

Foul curse on the man who with dark soul abortive, Would wantonly slaughter those souls from above, When each feathered songster, so happy and sportive,

Is calling his mate with the pure notes of love. What dear little trills, and soft-flowing measures, What loud joyous carols in homage they give; Oh, life is worth living, behold all its treasures, And learn from the birds that it's Heaven to live.

How charming the scene in its beauty and splendor,
The old rustic fence with its close circling vine,
The sweet smelling bushes with fragrance so tender,
And bright spreading fields in their radiance fine.
Far off in the distance the hills gently resting,
While here and there clusters of woods intervene,
And far, far away are the blue mountains cresting,
While the sweet peace of God lingers calm o'er
the scene.

The loud, babbling brook, tumbling riotous onward,
And chattering away under sun, moon and stars,
E'en crossed by the bridge where so pensive I

pondered,

While gay waters sparkled 'neath long golden bars.

The green verdant fields and the dull yellow fallows, The rose-colored blossoms, and the azure blue sky,

And gray sedgy marshes where skim the drab swallows,

All bathed in the bright vivid tints from on high.

And now, strolling on 'mid the scene so elysian, The beautiful river bursts bright on the view,

And the soul that loves Nature is charmed by the vision,

For in every direction it presents something new.

Wide stretches of fields and long, sloping meadows, With cottages nestling on neighboring hills,

The bright, laughing waters, the lights and the shadows,

In grand brilliant picture that enraptures and thrills.

Now faint in the distance, yet still louder growing, I hear the glad notes of the farmer boy's song, And deep sombre tones of the meek cattle lowing, As off to rich pasture he drives them along;



And e'en by the blue smoke so graceful ascending, I know the old farm house will soon come in view, 'Mid wide spreading orchard and green slope descending.

And nestling 'neath shade of the dark foliaged yew.

The old village church, with its creeping vines clinging,

The rusty old pump near the meetin' house green,
The little old school house whose bell will be
ringing

To summon the loud, romping children, I ween.

God's acre, with tombstones, all grass-grown and rusty,

Where all the old patriarchs calmly repose,

Who dropped with a sigh all their burdens so trusty, And willed to their children their cares and their woes.

The neat, thrifty barnyard, with multi-voice sounding,

The loud cackling geese and the chanticleer's crow,

The bleat of the sheep in the fields e'en surrounding, And the hum of the bees round the hives in a row. How peaceful the scene and how charming the morning,

Here gladly I'd linger in sweet peace of mind, But the sound of the whistles from city gives warning,

It's time to return to the long daily grind.

Oh you, who 'mid great city's bustle and clamor,
Thro' long, narrow lanes only view the sky line,
Who know not the wonderful glow and the glamor
That bathes all the country in radiance fine,
I pray you to walk with the birds and the flowers,
And find there a solace for life's weary load;
On a lovely Spring morning to spend a few hours
In a long, pleasant stroll on the Old Country Road.

#### \* \* \*

## Old Man Amos.

What! never heerd o' old man Amos?

Wal', he was the queerest old sight,

He laid up honey, jest a loanin' out money,
And he always loaned it right.

They wa'nt none knew what he was wuth,
And they couldn't tell ef they tried,

But what a surprise came to everyone's eyes,
When old man Amos died.

When old man Amos fust came here,
That's many long years ago,
He buckled right in for to hustle for tin,
And he wukked like a slave, by jo!
They wa'nt no deal too small for him,
Ef the profit was on his side,
But great horn spoons we all had swoons
When old man Amos died.

Whar old man Amos got his clothes

Would be mighty hard to say,

You'd strike the mark, ef you said from the ark,

Or you wouldn't be far away.

He wore a hat of the vintage one,

And a coat might have been Job's pride,

But that didn't count in the large amount

That was left when Amos died.

Wal', he struggled away thro' many long years,
This wily and sly old fox,
Jest pilin' up wealth while he had good health,
And rammin' it down in his socks.
He'd houses and lands and stocks and bonds,
And Heaven knows what beside;
The assessors were there, but they pawed for air
When old man Amos died.

Ef old man Amos squandered a cent,
It almost made him wild;
He lived all his life without a wife
Or the prattle of an innocent child;

It's astonishin' how any man exists
With nothin' but gold for his bride,
But that was enough and they found the stuff
When old man Amos died.

Wal', I wouldn't say much about Amos,
'Pears to me he'd a lonely old time,
No music, no flowers, no long pleasant hours,
No meals that cost more than a dime.
No color in life that was pleasant and glad,
Jest one great hobby to ride;
But still the old fellow left a long streak of yellow
When old man Amos died.

Wal', the old man got pretty feeble at last,
And whenever he left his hum,
They toted him around, kind o' shufflin' o'er the
ground,

Jest waitin' for the end to come.

They was some as was all wrapped up in him, And more that very hard tried,

Like a brood o' chickens, jest waitin' for the pickins When old man Amos died.

For you see while Amos didn't have

Not a child nor a chick of his own,

They was many relations in all kinds o' stations,

Jest a waitin' for him to groan.

And they all felt sure 'twould be better for him

For to pass to the other side;

And oh, how they waited, with breaths all bated, When old man Amos died. Wal', the end came at last and Amos passed To the unseen, unknown shore;

Let us hope that he found, on the Heavenly ground, All the gold that he craved, and more.

They laid him away with pomp and show, With a tall shaft raised beside.

This lettering given — "He longed for Heaven,"
When old man Amos died.

Then they opened the will, and 'praised the estate, And everyone stood aghast;

Not thousands, but millions, jest cool, cool millions This old drudge had amassed.

The relations was fixed to please their tastes, Tho' some have contested and cried,

But it made, by thunder, a nine days' wonder When old man Amos died.

Wal', he's gone to his rest, this human mint, After hoardin' up all his days;

His kin will blow in all his hard-earned tin, And he'll never get a word of praise.

What a miserable life has passed away, Leaving not a ripple on the tide.

Better one Christian act than the millions left When old man Amos died.

## The Size of Its Whistle.

- It ain't no use o' talkin', there are many things you hear
- That seem to strike you all amaze and hit you awful queer;
- You'll hear a whistle split your ears and think a steamer's dug,
- And when you look around it's just a wheezy little tug;
- 'Tis then the old saw comes to you and riles up all your gristle,
- "You can't judge a boiler by the size of its whistle."
- You'll hear a train around the bend, a poundin' of the track,
- Like forty thousand devils was a tryin' to hold it back;
- 'Twill give a most unearthly shriek that all the country jars,
- Then thunders by a local with two antiquated cars.
- The "limiteds" sail right along as slick as grease and gristle,
- "You can't judge a train by the size of its whistle."
- You journey thro' a factory town at six o'clock at night,
- Ten thousand workmen streaming out, a most inspiring sight.

- The whistles toot—you'll hear one screech far longer than the rest;
- It's a measly little tinker shop, with a dozen men at best.
- The big shops all discharge with little friction, noise or bustle,
- "You can't judge a workshop by the size of its whistle."
- It's just the same in life, my friend, you'll find it every day,
- Concerns that make the smallest fuss are the ones that always pay.
- They've got the goods, and always give full value for a dollar,
- The big, substantial, well-known firms don't make unearthly holler:
- The cheap John sells you calico for silk beware the bristle.
- "And don't judge a merchant by the tootin' of his whistle."
- Some fly-by-night investment scheme is hatched by men of brass.
- They promise most unheard per cent now bite, you silly ass.
- It's mining silver, gold or tin in some far distant place,
- And the way they catch the suckers makes one doubt the human race.

- Oh, for the power to reach such fools with just this short epistle,
- "Don't ever judge a sharper by the blowin' of his whistle."
- So, as you journey on thro' life, just note the men you meet,
- The biggest blow-hard always is the man who shirks the heat.
- True excellence is modest, and let's others blame or praise,
- The braggart fills men with disgust thro' all his loathsome days.
- It brings the same old saying back to raise your rile and gristle.
- "Don't be deceived in any man by the shriekin' of his whistle."
- Now take the lesson to yourself, my young friend starting out,
- And don't get in the habit of disgusting with your shout;
- The biggest engine smoothest runs, the carbon makes the steel,
- The noisy brook is good for naught, the mill pond runs the wheel.
- Remember, all the greatest deeds since God made man to hustle,
- Have all been done without the shriek and tootin' of a whistle.

# Captain Brown.

Have you ever heard of Brown — Captain Brown.

He's a man of great renown
In the town.

And no matter where you go, Up and down, or high and low, You will find him there I trow,

Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,

Yes, you'll find him there I trow, Captain Brown.

Such a military air — 'Tarv air.

Always wears a boutonniere, Debonair.

And he looks so neat and spruce, Never careless, slouchy, loose, Spick and span from head to shoes—

Captain Brown, Brown, Brown, Snowy collar, shining shoes,
Captain Brown.

Full of vigor, vim and dash — Martial dash.

Yet you'll never find him rash, Fresh or brash.

Looks the soldier every inch, Never lets a muscle flinch, And his eye will make you wince,

Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,
Yes, an eye fit for a prince,

Captain Brown.

When he strenuous strides the street—
Famous feat,
With a stiff salute he'll greet,
Strictly neat.
Proudly prim, of war he'll prate,
Lazy laggards earn his hate,
And he takes his whiskey straight,
Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,
Water never—whiskey straight,
Captain Brown.

When he hears the bugles sound
Merry round,
Thund'ring treads he o'er the ground
With a pound.
Always prompt at duty's call,
Courage firm as iron wall,
And he'll fight thro' hell and all,
Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,
Fight till death, and gladly fall,
Captain Brown.

You should see him on parade—
How he'll wade.
Coat of such a dazzling shade,
Tailor made.

Head erect and body trim,

Flashing sword and visage grim,

All the people shout for him,

Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,

Yes, the welkin rings for him,

Captain Brown.

When he mounts his prancing horse—
Horse, of course,
All his rivals, through remorse,
Take to Force.
Rides as he can ride alone,
Gives commands in flery tone,
Like a monarch on a throne,
Captain Brown, Brown, Brown.
"Sunny Jim" done up in stone,
Captain Brown.

Ah, to see him greet the flag —
Bonny rag.

Hat comes off with such a swag,
On his nag.

Holds it firmly o'er his breast,
"Carry arms" commands the rest,
And they all do his behest,
Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,
He's a patriot of the best,
Captain Brown.

How we'd sorely miss his face
And gilt lace,
If he ever lost his place

If he ever lost his place In disgrace.

How we love to see him swell, Love to see him strut so well,

And his great exploits to tell,

Captain Brown, Brown, Brown,

We'd be speechless if he fell, Captain Brown.

Every town throughout the land, On its strand,

Has its Captain Brown so grand,
'Mong its band.

They are harmless fellows too,

Though they swagger, fret and stew, But they teach both me and you,

Do these Browns, Browns, Browns,

We should love our country true,
Like these Browns.

Therefore, don't deride the Browns, Captain Browns,

Tho' they strut with martial frowns,
Thro' the towns.

True, they but play-soldiers are,

Still if we should go to war, They will come from near and far.

Will these Browns, Browns, Browns,

And they'll fight for flag and star, All these Browns.

# Custard Lambspie.

There's a fellow that writes me bold and bald,
And his name is Custer Lamsbye,
And I sometimes think he should be called
By the name of "Custard Lambspie;"
He's soft as custard, that I'm sure,
If he fell he'd squash all o'er the floor;
He's e'en a lamb, but butts like a boar,
This ornate Custard Lambspie.

He's made of milk and eggs, I'm told,
This squashy Custard Lambspie,
He's soft as mush, and yellow as gold,
This flabby Custard Lambspie;
Like custard pie his crust is dough,
So heavy and thick and hard to go;
He's a thick-skinned, flabbergasted crow,
This soggy Custard Lambspie.

One day I got a letter from
This juicy Custard Lambspie,
And its terms, I thought, were rather warm
For a wobbly, slobby Lambspie.
It said, "I have your letter true,
And it seems to me there's something due
To the Lambspie family from you,
Please send to Custard Lambspie."

Well, I think my answer was rather hot,
And must have splattered Lambspie;
I certainly sent a bull's-eye shot
Would strew the floor with Lambspie:
"I don't buy Lambspie — if I did
I'd only feed it to a kid;
Get in your crust, or I'll smash the lid,
You jelly-belly Lambspie."

Well, I've never had another line
From this over-zealous Lambspie;
I think that broadside squashed him fine,
And I'm done with Custard Lambspie.
I'd think he'd want to change that name,
And get one that would be more tame,
Tho' his nature still remains the same,
He'd still be Custard Lambspie.

Now, how'd you like a name like that?

The name of "Custard Lambspie."

Don't you think you'd feel almighty flat,
With a name like "Custard Lambspie?"

Were that name given by my kith,
Or one that name could be parodied with,
I'd change it quick to plain "John Smith,"
Smith every time to Lambspie.

# The Chicken Raiser.

My friend Jim is a chicken raiser,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim,

And more than that, he's a hen appraiser,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim;

He's full of incubator lore,

And he'll talk eggs to make you sore,

Don't think he's through, he'll talk some more,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim.

When first he started in this trade,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim,

He'd a score of poultry books 'tis said,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim;

On chicken lore he got a grip,

On fancy breeds he'd never trip,

Likewise, learned how to cure the pip,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim.

Straightway he bought a monster farm,

Cluck, cluck, my friend Jim,

To keep his feathered brood from harm,

Cluck, cluck, my friend Jim;

He loves to hear those chickens cluck,

He loves to see them scratch the muck,

And he'll get rich if he has good luck,

Cluck, cluck, my friend Jim.

And next he built one mammoth coop,

Tuck-ta-caw, my friend Jim,

Where he could feed those chickies soup,

Tuck-ta-caw, my friend Jim;

He lined it out and in with felt,

With miles of pipes the cold to melt,

Then dreamed he'd make ach sehr viel gelt,

Tuck-ta-caw, my friend Jim.

His first trial did not turn out good,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim,

He lost four hundred of his brood,

Pee-weep, my friend Jim;

His incubator got too hot,

He cooked those poor pee-weeps I wot,

And sent them Heavenward like a shot,

Poor chicks, my friend Jim.

But now he says he's got it pat,

Kur-raw, kur-raw, my friend Jim,

He's stored the knowledge 'neath his hat,

Kur-raw, kur-raw, my friend Jim;

He'll now put in his biggest licks,

And teach the poultrymen some tricks,

Egad, he'll fill the land with chicks,

Kur-raw, kur-raw, my friend Jim.

Well now, I wish him all success,

Cock-a-doodle, my friend Jim,

He'll get it, or I miss my guess,

Cock-a-doodle, my friend Jim;

I hope he'll market tons of eggs,
And make his chicks stand on their pegs,
May thousands peep around his legs,
Cock-a-doodle, my friend Jim.

Long life and health to Farmer Jim,

Cock-a-doodle, tuck-ta-caw,

May million pee-weeps come to him,

Cock-a-doodle, tuck-ta-caw;

Whene'er you meet him on the street,

I'll tell you how you want to greet,

Just say "Pee-weep," in accents sweet,

And he'll say "tuck-ta-caw."

#### \* \* \*

# Till I Almost Drop.

The exactions of society are hard on the dude,
Boiled shirt and dress suit, fribelow and curl,
Still it can be said, without trying to be rude,
They are very much harder on the up-to-date girl.
When the man gets bored, he can gamble with the
boys,

Or hie to the smoking-room, and there talk shop, But the girl proudly boasts with chatter and noise, "I'll dance, and I'll dance, till I almost drop."

Waltz and the two-step, two-step and waltz, Oh, what a maddening, giddy old whirl; Still she continues without any halts, The butterfly life of the Society girl.

١

Still it is plain that she has no choice,
While the orchestras play without a stop;
Still you can hear that half-cracked voice,
"I'll dance, and I'll dance, till I almost drop."

Functions and receptions, card parties, teas,

The simple little dance, or the grand swell ball,
All are the same to maidens such as these,
She dances at the one, and she dances at them all;
Waltz and the two-step, two-step and waltz,
The same old dances and the same old hop,
This is the life which she proudly exalts,
"I'll dance, and I'll dance, till I almost drop."

Proud of her ability in this one line,

'Tis all that she knows and 'tis all that she wants,
Ignorant of science, or of literature fine,
Ignorant of Nature in its beautiful haunts;
Posted on the theatre, the latest risque play,
Posted in gossip, which she'll eagerly swop,
Very highly posted in the slang of the day,

"I'll dance, and I'll dance, till I almost drop."

Cooking is a sealed book to her and her kind,

Housekeeping drudgery beneath her contempt,

Any kind of useful sewing enters not her mind,

Without her maid and cook, her house would be

unkempt;

Pity he who gets her, unless he wants a doll,

He'd better buy a wind-up one in some toy shop;
She's a pretty piece of furniture and that's about
all.

"I'll dance, and I'll dance, till I almost drop."

Who is most to blame for this state of affairs?

The over-fond mothers with the marriageable girls;

Always after alliances with some fellow's heirs,
Or else the nasty lords and degenerate old earls.
Teach them how to sew and cook, teach them how
to sweep,

Teach them how to keep house, from bottom to the top;

Relegate this sentence to Society's ash heap,
"I'll dance, and I'll dance, till I almost drop."

#### . . .

# When Clarence Tries for Goal.

When Clarence whacks, gee whiz but things
Go flying through the air,
For Clarence makes some awful swipes,
He just slams things for fair;
Of course he says he's playing golf,
Looks more like heaving coal;
But holy frost, the welkin rings
"When Clarence tries for goal."

If size could ever win a game,

He ought to win them all;

I'll bet he weighs three hundred pounds,

And he's over six feet tall.

His legs are thick as fair-sized trees;

They are, upon my soul,

But say, it's worth a ten X bill,

"When Clarence tries for goal."

When Clarence grabs those wee golf sticks,
They look so mighty small,
It's like a Brobdignagian whack
At a Liliputian ball.
You ought to see him swing those clubs
In frightful parabole,
Then one big slam, who cares a clam,
"When Clarence tries for goal."

Well, well, to see him chew the turf
And scatter God's earth round;
It isn't oft he hits the ball,
But he's great on plowing ground.
With stroke on stroke his mighty arm
Makes mince-meat round the hole,
Its more good luck than skill or pluck,
"When Clarence tries for goal."

Sometimes our Clarence aims too high,
More times he aims too low;
Sometimes — darn seldom — aims just right,
Just where he ought to go.

A high aim makes his old heart thump, A low aim racks his soul; Make up your mind its one great feat, "When Clarence tries for goal."

Unless you're careless of your life,
Get out of Clarence' way,
You never know what he may do
When he starts in to play.
If he don't throw great clods of mud,
He may throw golf sticks whole.
It's rare rambunctions roaring round
"When Clarence tries for goal."

They say that Clarence breaks more sticks
Than all the rest on links;
He simply swats with sounding thwack,
And raises high old jinks.
He proudly prances, prowling round,
Like some young colt in foal,
Great Caesar's ghost 'twould make one weep
"When Clarence tries for goal."

When Clarence gets through with a game,
Egad, the ground is torn;
It's plowed and harrowed, rolled and dug,
And fit for planting corn.
He don't make goals, that's very true,
But still, upon the whole,
He'd dig potatoes mighty fine,
"When Clarence tries for goal."

These Clarences you'll find all round
On every blooming green;
They slam away and bang the ground
In frightful style, I ween.
Of all the sights on this old ball
Since she began to roll,
Here's one that crowns and tops them all,
"When Clarence tries for goal."

#### \* \* \*

### The West Shore Road.

Rattling o'er a rocky road,

Bumping o'er the sleepers,

Trying hard to keep the load

From closing up your peepers;

Dust so thick within the cars,

Would choke a dusty toad;

Bless me, how amazing

Is the West Shore Road!

Shaking like a box of dice,
Trembling like an aspen,
You'll be jelly in a trice,
In these cars a baskin'.
Jumping with a jolting jar,
Traveling a la mode,
Holy Moses, what a fraud,
The West Shore Road!

Trains sent out without or rhyme,
Relevance or reason;
Not a single one on time,
Schedules out of season.
If you catch the five o'clock
Four hours late or so,
A miracle has happened on
The West Shore Road.

When you strike an ugly curve,
Curves to beat the band,
Hold on tight and keep your nerve,
Or on floor you'll land.
The man who made those awful curves
Is fit for one abode;
He'll get there too — because he built
The West Shore Road.

If you're going very far,
Say to old Chicago,
Heaven be your guiding star
If you're West Shore's cargo;
But if rest you simply seek,
Or wish to shake your load,
Take it—and wake up next week
On the West Shore Road.

If between, betwixt, beside,
Local points you'd travel,
Take the country road and ride
On a load of gravel.

One took train at Amsterdam,
To Little Falls he rode,
Another tried canal—and beat
The West Shore Road.

Roughly rattling round the rocks,
Rumbling o'er the ditches,
Feeling furious, shaky shocks,
All your nerves on itches.
Roadbed ten times rougher than
Old Dublin's rocky road,
Bless me, how amazing
Is the West Shore Road!

Down and up, and up and down,
Sideways sorely shaken,
Making noise enough to drown
Gabriel's horn awaken;
Engines rattling like as if
They were broke or blowed;
Heaven save the rolling stock,
The West Shore Road.

Over on the other side,
Just across the river,
There in luxury you may ride,
Free from qualm or quiver;
There's the loudly advertised
"America's finest road,"
What a farce it is to run
The West Shore Road!

Where's the man who owns this road,
Where's the man that runs?
Say to him his cars to load
Coal or freight in tons;
Let him run his cattle cars,
That's their right abode,
But transfer men to Central, from
The West Shore Road.

Noah gave them all their cars,
Took them from the ark,
Santa Claus the engines gave,
Just to have a lark;
If Old Nick the road should take,
He'd find it quite a load,
Begob, he would decline with thanks,
The West Shore Road!

#### \* \* \*

# John Montignani, O, John.

John Montignani, O John,
You mind me o' the heather,
I'm sure you'll stand for Scotland's weal
In fair or stormy weather;
Your sonsy face would lend a grace
To oatmeal porridge O,
And thistles grow from out your brow,
John Montignani, O.

John Montignani, O, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your girth was not the same as now,
You looked more like a saint;
You're a great old sinner now John,
Your politics don't go,
But still I love your frosty pow,
John Montignani, O.

John Montignani, O, John,
We went to school thegigther,
We ha'e been friends for thirty years
And often we foregather,
And tho' at times you're dour and glum,
And some may think you slow,
I know your old Scotch heart is true,
John Montignani, O.

John Montignani, O, John,
Let's hold our friendship true,
I wish you Merry Christmas John,
And I want the same from you;
Tho' you may dine on haggis John,
And eat oatmeal I trow,
Yet still you are my old Scotch friend,
John Montignani, O.

### The Game o' Gowff.

Man, ha'e ye seen the game o' gowff!
Wi' doited bairns at ilka howff,
Linkin' awa wi' stick and stowff,
A' free frae hairm;
It's wordy o' a lengthy powff
As lang's my airm.

Gin ye'll be toddlin' doon the street,
It's ten to ane ye'll chance to meet
Wi' some auld fright wad gar ye greet
Wi' sauty ee',
Aye bendin' low wi' weight o' cleat

Out owre his knee.

Forbye wi' sticks o' a' dimension,
Wi' crooks and turns ayont declension,
Wad le'a nae doot o' his intention
To seek the green;

Wi' ither things I daurna mention, Aye greet your een.

Here's ane, a braw fat fodgel wight,
Whase sma' breeks gars him leuk a fright,
Puffin' awa wi' a' his might,
Wi' hectic face,
Sic sight wad mak' the angels dight
The throne o' grace.

And here's ane wi' sic skeelderin' shanks, Sic sleekit, sliddery, sklentin' branks, Ye'll aye be glad to gi'e guid thanks He's there ava,

Fear rude old Boreas, wi' his pranks, Blaws him awa.

Ilk ane wi' sic outlandish claes,
Whilk a' ha'e bought wi' thocht to please,
Like some auld wife wha'll seek for praise
Wi' latest fashion,
And last a "Tam" will jaunty place
For sic occasion.

Hech, sirs, wi' dint o' whigmeleerie,
And whirligigums strange and eerie,
Ilk coof wi' wee sma' brains and bleary
Aye decked so braw,
Will skelp awa wi' phiz that's wearie
Out owre the law.

O' a' the sights for gods and men,
Frae John o' Groat's and back agen,
There's nane ava, I'se muckle ken,
Like some auld oaf
Wha'll deck himsel' baith but and ben,
An's aff for gowff.

An' syne we'll ha'e to stan' their spleen,
Sic eerie frights as e'er were seen,
Soon they'll be toddlin' to the green
In lang procession,
And jaunty, wi' their daffy een,
Start aff the session.

Aye bang awa at wee sma' ba',
Wi' mony a trip and mony a fa',
An' slam their sticks and crooks ava,
An' jam an' streakit;
Ilk ane will bang the turf and a'
Like he wad break it.

Here dancin' roun' a wee sma' hole,
There prancin' like a colt in foal,
Aye strivin' hard to reach a goal
That seems a fudge,
But a' wi' skill we'd gladly thole,
Gin we were judge.

Aye pickin' sticks frae oot the cruther,
Wi' first ae crook and then anither,
An' whackin' at them a' thegither,
Wi' muckle power,
"Twad pit ane in an eerie swither
To see them glower.

It's just the plain auld game o' shinny,
Whilk we ha'e played wi' auld thorn crinny,
But aye each folderoldin ninny
Will whack awa'
Wi' cleat and caddy, crook and jinny,
Out owre the law.

I'm tauld 'twas brought frae Scotland's hills,
Whaur they can whack o'er rocks and rills,
But, aye, 'twad gi'e ye creepin' chills
When Yankee swipes
The game that needs the thirlin' trills
O' oor sweet pipes.

Man, wad ye feast your very een,
Man, wad ye lose your bile and spleen,
Gae toddle o'er to nearest green
By some auld howff,
For sic a sight you've never seen,
The game o' gowff.

#### \* \* \*

# Ye Brither Scots.

Now listen a' ye brither Scots,
Wi' tartan ribbons in your coats,
Ye tribe wha on St. Andrew dotes,
I ken ye weel;
I'm gaun to jot some truthfu' notes
Will mak' ye squeal.

It's na your land o' purple heather,
O' rugged hills and vap'rin weather,
Nor yet your vaunted cap and feather
Ye wear sae proud;
But a' your boasts ye bauldly blether,
I'd sing aloud.

Lang syne when bonny earth was young,
Your bards in Lallan verse ha'e sung
That Adam spak' the Gaelic tongue
In Eden blest,
And kilties roun' his hurdies hung
When first he drest.

But faith, I think if truth were tauld,
Your countra's naething near sae auld,
And a' your lang-legged callants bauld
Wi' hairy shanks,
Just grew up on your bleak moors cauld
'Yout Yarrow's banks.

And when auld Caesar found ye there
He turned wi' most disdainfu' air,
He wadna fecht barbarians bare
Wi' naked legs,
Tho' truth perhaps he didna dare
The philibers.

And after that we naething knew,
Tho' doubtless ye were there the noo,
Till England's host, a heartless crew,
Gi'ed ye a turn,
And Bruce ten thoosan' thoosan' slew
At Bannockburn.

'Tis true ye gi'ed them quite a go,
And Edward got a sair, sair blow,
But tho' 'twas mony years ago,
And England's blot,
Guid faith ye're neither blate nor slow
In telling o't.

And now ye'd ha'e us a' believe

A braw gran' play ye did achieve,

And aye ye've something up your sleeve

For Scotland's weal,

Tho' faith your clackin' tongue wad deave

A miller's wheel.

Hoot man, ye're no that awfu' great
That ithers canna tak' the gate
And gar your wee bit silly pate
Haud aff a blick,
There's ither wars been fought o' late
Wad mak' you sick.

Forbye ye're sic a blusterin' bairn
That wi' your tales we're sair forfairn,
Sic eldritch, eerie jinks, high rairin'
Wad mak' ane dizzie;
Gae croon them o'er to senseless cairn
Or simple hizzie.

They say that when ye're in your cups
Your wee bit mind tak's michty loups,
And ye maun drink in gallon stoups
To Scotland's glory,
Aye seekin' those to thrash wi' whips
Wha doubt your story.

Ye're great on hoardin', ye auld cruller,
And aye ye hate to part wi' siller,
For saxpence looks as big's a dollar
To bonny Scot;
"Bang goes a saxpence," loud he'll holler,
And spend a groat.

And faith ye'll na forget bawbees,
They're none too sma' for ye to squeeze,
I winna say that ye'd tell lees
Or pass the queer,
Tho' truth ye'll scramble on your knees
To gather gear.

Aye man, but ye're a canny chiel
To drive a bargain hard and weel,
Ye aye ha'e spunk to higher speel
Than ony ither,
Syne ane wad ha'e to be the deil
To waur ye, brither.

Ye'll drink Scotch whiskey like a pleugh,
And ane wad think ye'd had eneugh,
But nane daur say they saw ye fou,
Nor wull ye pass,
Guid faith ye'll drink us thro' and thro'
In social glass.

Ye'll aye be speerin' a' the news
Like some auld carlin seekin' clues,
Toddlin' awa frae hoose to hoose
Wi' a' your tales;
Aye croonin' o'er your auld Scotch blues
Wi' licht that fails.

If ane wad see ye in your glory

He'll tell ye some guid auld Scotch story,

And tho' it may wi' age be hoary

And hard to crack,

Ye'll split your sides wi' laughter gory,

And slap his back.

There's aye ae thing ye winna shirk,
And that's attendance on the kirk,
For there ye'll sit frae morn till mirk
Wi' listenin' ear,

While lang discourse proves ye maun wark For title clear.

Ye'll tell us a' aboot John Knox,
And how he gi'ed the Papists shocks,
Syne stripped all form as bare's the rocks
Wi' loud damnation,
Tho' faith the "kist o' whistles" box
Is back in station.

It's great to hear ye sing a sang,
Wi' metre rude, and verses lang,
Pitched in a key sae loud and strang,
Misca'd a lilt,
Wad split the ears o' a' amang
Wha listen till 't.

Forbye in screechin' squawkin' squirl
Ye'll blaw the pipes and gar them skirl,
And a' their hellish howlin' hurl
At Christian ears,
Deil tak' ye man, ye'd mak' us curl
Oot on oor biers.

Ye've brought us owre the game o' gowff,
And leuk ye now, at ilka howff,
Ye'll see each addle-pated oaf
Wi' sma' brains seen,
Linkin' awa wi' stick and stowff
Oot owre the green.

Ye're aften tauld ye're din and doure,
And true it is, and something more,
For whaur's the Scot, on ony shore,
Wha'll na expect
To prove by those dark looks ava
He's the elect.

Do not his toasts prove loud and well
He thinks there's nane that's like himsel'?
"Here's tae us," hear him blithely yell,
Then he's in clover,
"Wha's like us?"—only e'en oursel',
That's him all over.

There's twa things mair—I'll ha'e my spoke,
And then I'm done wi' fun to poke,
And ane is this—ye're honest folk,
And e'en guid kimmer,
But dam'd if ye'll ere ken a joke
Except wi' hammer.

And t'ither's this — thro' a' his days
Was ever Scotchman known to praise,
Or gi'e a real guid hearty phrase
Wi' soul that's glad,
The hecht o' a' his blame or praise
"It's no that bad."

And now, wi' a' these clishmaclavers,
I'll le's ye Sandy, wi' your havers,
Syne, we are a' guid auld Scotch brithers,
And proud the name,
And I'm no better or waur than ithers,
We're a' the same.

And now I think I've said enow,
I'll clap my jowl, and mak' my bow,
But place this laurel on your brow
Wi' loving hand:
"Ye're steady folk, and mind the law
In every land."

For tho' we may ha'e mony a faut,
Still I'm convinced we're just earth's saut,
Tho' "Willie brewed a peck o' maut"
We drank it not;
'Twas just a drunken bard that taut
That foolish blot.

So, here's to Scotland far awa,

And Burns, the immortal bard ava,

St. Andrew and auld John Knox twa,

Damn all complaints,

"Wha's like us?"—nane in earth ava—

We're Heaven's saints.

#### . .

# The Pipes.

Awa wi' a' your dulcet strains
Frae clarionets or flutes,
Awa wi' a' your scrapin' squawks
Frae fiddlin' fule galoots,
Awa' wi' a' your blarin' blaws
Frae cornets or trombanes,
Gi'e us the pipes, to stir to life
'The marrow in your banes.

What's a' the crash frae brassy band
To stir to martial deeds?
What's a' the trumpet's screechin' tones
To serve a Nation's needs?
Gin ye wad pit life in a man
An' gar him mak' great swipes,
Just gi'e him twa-three tirlin' blasts
Frae Scotland's glorious pipes.

What mak's auld Scotland's warriors known
Where'er great deeds are sung?
What mak's them fecht wi' fire commaun's
The praise o' pen an' tongue?
What gars them never fear a foe,
What pits them in the van?
Man, ken ye no, it's just the strains
Frae yon auld pipes sae gran'.

Gin ye'll be strollin' o'er the hills
Or doon some lanely glen,
Ye'll hear the pibroch's martial trills
Aye echo back again;
'Twill pit new life in a' your veins,
An' gar them loup wi' glee,
I'se warrant then for Scotland's sake
Ye'll gladly do and dee.

Man, dinna ye think that's eneugh
To mak' a foeman quak?
Man, wadna that spur ony coof
To gi'e a soundin' strack?
Whaur's ony music on auld Earth
Wi' rantin', rairin', rattle,
Could scaur a foe, an' gar him rin
Like pipes will mak' him sprattle!

See Donal' wi' his kilts sae braw, Sic sight wad glad your een, See Sandy blaw his soul awa Wi' strength as ne'er was seen; Whyles tirlin' oot the Cameron March, Whyles gran' auld Tullochgorum, Man, yon's the music o' the gods, Whilk they'll ha'e played before 'em.

For whaur's the Scot but fu' believes
When saunts in glory gather,
He'll fin' the pipes in courts o' Heeven
Aye tirlin' a' thegigther?
Nae scrapin' fiddles there will squawk,
Nae harps will thrum an' thriddle,
'Twill be the pipes, for e'en the saunts
Prefer them to the fiddle.

Man, are na they just great and gran'
By Afton, Doon, or Logan?
Can ye na hear their swellin' strains,
Hark, dinna ye hear the slogan?
Aye man, but there's the music sweet,
Could human ears ask ae more?
Whisht there, haud aff, I hear the pipes,
Fetch doon the dirk an' claymore.

What gar'd auld Edward sneak awa
Frae Bannockburn sae bloody?
What gar'd oor Bruce and Wallace fecht,
What gar'd oor fields rin ruddy?
What's helped auld Scotland aye to stan'
For independence fairly?
The pipes, the pipes, the gran' auld pipes,
Aye blawin' late an' airly.

Strathspeys an' reels, aye guid Scotch reels,
For a' oor lads and lasses,
Wha says they'll na mak' bonny chiels?
Awa, ye're senseless asses!
Nae sliddery waltz nor simp'rin' dance,
Sic things wad mak' a ewe sick,
But loupin', jumpin', aye they'll prance
Wi' pipes for a' their music.

Wull ye daur tell us scrapin' wires
Wad stir ae soul to glory,
Or blawin' blasts thro' horns o' brass
Wad mak' auld Scotland's story?
Auld Scotland needs more stirrin' strains,
An' whaur could she best find them
Than in the pipes, whilk wi' their notes
Ha'e left a' else behind them.

Gae stan' on ane o' Scotland's hills
Whaur kilties proudly gather,
Wi' a hunderd pipers an' a' to blaw
In fair or stormy weather;
Gae listen to those gran' auld strains
Frae pibroch's swellin' chorus,
And ye'll gi'e Scotland a' the praise
For earth's best music glorious.

Gin ye ha'e heard them played but ance I'll wage ye'll want nae ither, For Scotia's sake an' auld lang syne Ye'll aye be wi' us brither. I'm wae to think what awfu' things
Might hap gin they were ta'en
By English, Irish, French or Dutch,
But na. they're a' oor ain.

An' here we'll tak' ae solemn aith,
As lang as God gi'es breath,
We'll keep the pipes for Scots alane,
An' fecht for them till death.
Keep aff your haun's, ye ither lan's
On a' this sliddery ba',
Nae hairm shall come to oor sweet pipes
Or tribble them befa'.

#### . . .

# Teddy at San Wan Hill.

The pages of history bristle with story
Of valorous deeds done on land and on sea,
And nations, for ages, have chanted the glory
Of warlike achievements for you and for me.
Old Rome sang of conquest, of war and its sequel,
The tales of Napoleon excite quite a thrill,
But down thro' the centuries nothing can equal
The war fought by "Teddy" at San Wan Hill.

Old fogies may prate of the war waged for freedom, No doubt you have seen Bunker Hill praised in rhyme,

Sometimes we praise Vicksburg, or talk of Antietam, And Gettysburg raised quite a stir in its time. The names of Grant, Farragut, Sherman and Porter Are thought to be worthy our annals to fill, But their deeds were nothing compared to the slaughter

Of the wonderful "Teddy" at San Wan Hill.

For freedom to Cuba was the war undertaken,
But Teddy was warring to make a great name,
His faith in his prowess could never be shaken,
He longed for an opening to bill-board his fame.
No one thought the war would all be decided
By one famous battle where small blood would
spill,

But so it turned out, and though critics derided, Spain was bested by "Teddy" at San Wan Hill.

The tale of that battle could never be written
Without leaving every one else in the shade,
For it's certain the Spaniards were wofully smitten
By "Teddy" alone, in the wild charge he made.
Such a wonderful, dare-devil, wild western caper
Is worthy a yellow-covered classic to fill,
It reminds one of Alkali Ike in the paper,
Or the blood-curdling charges of old Broncho Bill.

When the Spaniards were found in their camp by the river,

So peacefully eating their garlic and cheese, Our timid commander would have laid siege forever, But brave Teddy scouted such counsels as these. "It's a charge to the top, then over and at 'em,"
Said this swash-buckler soldier, just made from a
quill,

Your rough rider colonel with his cow boys will swat 'em,

And the world will watch "Teddy" at San Wan Hill.

Are the cameras focused, the reporters all ready? Now get the expression of "Teddy" in war,

And all you scribes mention how true and how steady

He rings out his orders — whatever they are. Then follow him up, every attitude noting,

Get plenty of snap shots the papers to fill,

Till finally — don't forget this when you're voting, Stands "Teddy" alone, on the top of the hill.

A mile in advance with the army all trailing, The century's wonder, he stands there alone; No detail is lacking to make it availing,

Oh, where is the sculptor to cut it in stone? Columbia's defiance he hurls at that nation

Who for ages endeavored all progress to still, Till cowed by the eagle eye placed in such station, Spain's army retreated and backed down the hill.

What followed is hardly worth mention or tender, And never was mentioned in any account,

The regulars advanced and received the surrender,
While "Teddy" yet stood on the top of the
mount.

By all of the papers it clearly was stated,

That the rough riders did everything was to do,
They only were brave, or at least so were slated,
And of all that were slain "Teddy" 'leventwelfths slew.

Now assuredly this was the greatest of battles,
And assuredly this was the bravest of deeds,
Where one single man gave an army the rattles,
At least that's the way that the news account
reads.

Let the Goddess of Fame hold a short special session,

For a far higher niche there remains yet to fill, Place a rough rider in it, with fiercest expression, And label it—"Teddy at San Wan Hill."

#### . . .

### Ma Julie.

Bagoash, I nevaire not deed t'ink
Ma Julie, he do dat,
Caus' Julie was such nice sweet girl,
So beeg and roun' and fat.
I lofe ma Julie, oh so moche,
Lak' you lofe your girl too,
And its mak' me cry w'en I sall t'ink
W'at dat girl Julie do.

W'y we was known each odder since
We was jus' leetle kid,
And everyt'ing dat Julie want
I sall so gladly did.
We was educate togedder too,
On ol' village San Matthieu;
Ma fren' you nevaire not could t'ink
W'at dat girl Julie do.

Wan day we hear dat circus come
In beeg town down in State,
'Twas beeg expense, but I doan care,
I not keep Julie wait.
Bagoash, but Julie he look fin',
Wit' gread beeg peecture hat,
And dress — Monjee! I can't deescribe,
I nevaire see like dat.

Well, I buy premiere class ticquettes,
And we start off on go,
We have fine tam dat day, you bet,
Wit' candy, nuts and so.
Some tams I notice beeg lobstaire
Dey look at Julie's hat,
'Twas ver' fonny t'ing I t'ink, but still
I'm not t'ink moche o' dat.

Bimeby we come to gread beeg town
Where circus was to be;
Ma fren', I'm tell you true as preach',
Such crowd I nevaire see.

Bagoash, I t'ink dat dey sall come
From ev'r town in dat State.

I'll bet dere's honderd t'ousand peep'
Just stan' on street and wait.

Well, we goes up to beeg hotel,
An' Julie, he say "here."

Monjee! but dat was fin' beeg place,
I t'ink dat cost me dear.

But we just goes and orders up
Wan gread beeg swell dinnerre.

Bagoash, dat bill he mak' me seek;
I say "I'm sport for fair."

Well, den we goes see beeg parade,
Ma fren' I'm tell you true,
Dat's beegest t'ing on w'ole contree,
I can't deescribe to you.
Bagoash, I nevaire see such t'ing,
An' Julie, he go wile,
I t'ot hees eyes dance out hees head
At all dat fancy style.

Bimeby beeg feller he comes 'long,
On horse as black as coal,
An' way he's ride, an' way he's dress,
Ma Julie lose her soul.
W'en he went by ma Julie give
Wan beeg scream of s'prise,
And beeg steef he was look dat hat,
An' den wink wan hees eyes.

Den I could see ma Julie blush,
An' geeve wan silly laff,
An' follow heem, an' he look back
An' mak' some foolish chaff.
Den Julie, he jus' lose all track
An' seem jus' lak was dead,
An' tak' no int'res' w'at was pass,
But jus' keep look ahead.

W'en all was pass, den Julie said,
"Tak' nudder street," so den
Could see again, but she jus' want
See dat beeg steef again.
Bagoash, I'm gettin' pretty mad,
But still I t'ink I'll see,
Jus' let heem haf hees way and fin'
How silly Julie'd be.

#### \* \* \*

## W'en Poleon Soaked de Ball.

W'at's dat? You come from State, and not
Nevaire hear on 'Poleon Lajoie?
Dat's ver' fonny t'ing, ma fren', I t'ink,
W'y where you lak for to go?
He's de gran' beeg player, wat play base ball,
He's de greates' second base in lan',
An' biggest batter man on w'ole contree,
Monjee! he over six feet stand.

I was educate him w'en he was young
On ol' village San Matthièu.
He leck boy t'ree tam bigger dan heeself,
And spark all de leetle girl too.
Monjee! he was fine beeg feller den,
Wit' shoulder lak de moose,
An' ron jus' as fas' as dey could ron,
An' he sly as ole mongoose.

Wan day I have some monee on clo's,
And I t'ink it's 'bout tam, dat day
I'm makin' some visite on Fall Reever
For see ma fren' 'Poleon play;
So I buy me premiere classe ticquette,
An' go on Fall Reever way,
Bimeby I get dere, on beeg hotel
Where I hear me 'Poleon is stay.

I'm jus' goin' ax dandy behin' de bar,
W'en I get wan slap on back
Mos' geeve me hemmorrhage, w'en I turn roun',
Dere's 'Poleon Lajoie laffin' back.
"Commen ca va, Joe Latour," he say,
"I'm mos' glad for see you here.
How's de girl on ol' village San Matthieu?
Some tam I mak' wife one dem dear."

Den 'Poleon ax me come on room For eat, and have dinnerre; Monjee! I'm glad for dat, I t'ink, I'm most powerful hongree dere; W'en I get t'rough I t'ink ma pant She's goin' for bus' right away, I'm eat so moche; den 'Poleon ax If I want for see heem play?

I say I'm glad, and he go get
De gran' stan' ticquette for game.
I get dere early, an' tak' wan seat
Just behin' de catcher man same.
Bagoash, I nevaire see such crowd,
Such beeg crowd dere dat day,
It's fort' July wat Yankee is keep
We'en he drive sacredam English away.

Well, ma fren', yuno ought for see
De beautiful girl dat day,
An' way she was dress, I nevaire t'ink
So many pretty girl in de way.
Bimeby, de ompire man he's yell
"Play ball"—and de game was on,
And den dose people all stan' up,
And give t'ree cheer lak fun.

Monjee! It's mak' me feel so proud
See ma fren' 'Poleon play,
An' way he was peek up de ball,
No matter how hard dat day.
But somehow ur nodder not he nor ma fren'
W'at Yankee man call "Phil Geier,"
Was do moche wit' de bat dat day,
An' de crowd she's got some sore.

Ma fren' I'm not goin' bodder you wit'
Long storee 'bout dat game,
But at start nint' innin' de score she's jus'
One to one; each side have same.
Den 'Poleon he's come up to plate,
An' de peetcher man he's say loud,
"Here's w'ere I mak' dat beeg steef grunt,"
An' den such a yell from crowd.

Den he sweeng hees arm, and ball fly up
To 'Poleon lak lightnin' streak,
Wit' curve lak snake on de grass all time,
Bagoash, dat mak' me seek.
Den 'Poleon mak' strong swipe at ball,
He's hit not'ing but de air,
Den peetcher man t'row up ball again,
He miss her again, and swear.

Dis mak' crowd mad, and dey sing out,

"Back up, you beeg lobstaire,

Eat pork and bean wit' de lomber mans,
You great beeg stiff for fair."

Monjee! 'Poleon he's mad at dat,
And greet hees teet' lak mush.

Den peetcher man say, "I'm goin' strike out
Dat sacredam Canuck, bagoash."

Den he t'row up nodder ball lak de las', L'enfant! dere's soun' lak wreck On ole Gran' Trunk, and 'Poleon run Roun' base lak moose so sleck. He's mak' home ron, dat's win de game, An' de crowd she's go pell-mell, An' carry beeg 'Poleon off de fiel' On de shoulder, and yell lak hell.

But all dis tam de fielder man hunt
Everyw'ere for fin' dat ball,
But she can't be foun', an' dey ron aroun'
And swear lak troop an' all.
Bimeby small boy w'at tak' care bat
He's peek up 'Poleon's club.
Monjee! dere's ball just buried on bat,
Lak she's part herself on stub.

For w'y you look so s'prise, ma fren',
I 'sure you dat's just true
Lak gospel, w'at old curé preach
On chapel, ev'ry Sunday t'rough.
Bagoash, I'll nevaire not forget
De s'prise on peetcher an' all;
But dat's de way eet happened dat day,
W'en 'Poleon soaked de ball.

## The Roarin' Game o' Curlin.

Oh Curlin' is a royal game,
A rantin', rippin' roarin' game,
Well worthy o' the greatest fame
Could be bestowed;
Tho' some there are who think it tame —
Let them be blowed!

Gi'e curlers but a winter's night,

The mercury way down out o' sight,

Let them be bundled snug and tight —

A drappie near;

They'll make the welkin ring wi' might,

Wi' shout and cheer.

Now see them gather on the ice,
Big, brawny men without a vice,
The glow o' health comes in a trice
To eye and cheek;
No need to tell it more than twice
'Tis health they seek.

Now, you who work in shop or store,
And cry your ills and pains a score,
Throw drugs and physics out o' door
And try the rink;
"Tis Nature's cure, and has cured more
Than you can think.

Come out and tackle God's pure air, You'll find it here with lots to spare, Here's better health than doctor's care Can ever give;

"Twill brace your nerves and make you dare

To work and live.

Now see the hearty, cheery "skip"
As down the ice he'll gaily trip,
And fortified wi' one small nip
He takes his stand,
Like captain of some mighty ship
In full command.

The players now their places take,
And down the rink a line they make,
Wi' broom in hand and wide awake,
They're full o' force,
To "soop her up," and make stane take
Its proper course.

Wi' "soop her up" and throwin' stanes,
The blood goes bounding thro' your veins;
Such royal sport who e'er disdains
Is but a churl;
To H—— wi' all your aches and pains
When once you curl.

Now in the "hack" the player bends,
All eager for his skip's commands,
Then down the ice a stone he sends,
"Wi' carefu' ee,"
A mighty shout the azure rends—

A mighty shout the azure rends—
"It's on the tee!"

And now the game is in full swing,
Right merrily the stones do sing,
And gaily "swish" wi' gladsome ring
And joyous whirl;
A royal game fit for a King —
All Kings should curl.

Wi' cheeks that burn and eyes aflame,
The players closely watch the game,
So eager their side gain the fame
And win the heat;
They sweep like fiends till nearly lame —
They'll not be beat.

Wi' many a roar and shout o' glee,
Wi' quip and jest and jollity,
Wi' gay retort and repartee,
On goes the game;
But all good-natured, frank and free
In praise or blame.

And now rings out the "skip's" glad cry,
Wi' loud-voiced lungs that pierce the sky,
Now Willie I would have you die,
Don't dare to bunt,
"We have the shot," just try to lie,
Right here in front.

Now Jock, my boy, of you I beg,
That you will please "just crack an egg."
"Don't shoot," just easy bend the leg
And "hold your arm."
If you should move this stone a peg,
You'll do us harm.

Now Davie lad, "come thro' the port,"

And on the "button" stop up short,

"Give me the inturn," now, old sport,

Make it a hurler;

"Man that looks like it," just as I thought --
"Man, you're a Curler."

You're next, dear Doctor, "that's the shot,"

Just "take an inwick," not too short,

If you'll do that, we'll "lay a pot"

They haven't won it;

"That's well laid down," boys keep it hot—

Hurrah, you've done it!

Now Sandy "I must have a guard,"
Right here in front about a yard,
Now "break your arm," don't shoot too hard,
"Just get it over;"

Now sweep her boys, oh sweep her hard — Ay, that's the clover.

Well, Robert, these are our stones here,
But those in front might cost us dear,
Come down this lane, and surely clear —
Now "there's your ice!"
"Well played my man," be sure it's here —
That's very nice!

Now Ed., "be sure you get the broom"
As wide as that, take lots of room,
It's "just a tee high draw" to come,
This corner jinkin'.

If you do that we'll seal their doom,
"That sets them thinkin'."

Now Aleck, listen close I pray,
And throw your stone no other way,
"I want you here"—drive this away—
The out-turn 'll do it;
Have lots of steam—"be up I say,"
Or else you'll rue it.

Now George, you've got the chance to win
Your own game here, if you come in,
They're laying four, 'twould be a sin
To leave that pot;
"Now get the broom" and sure as tin
You'll have the shot.

Man, Charley, here's your chance for fame,
Oh man, don't miss it on your name,
Man, but you play a grand, good game —
Well, well, you've done it!
"Brooms up," oh Charley — what's your name
By God, you've won it!

And so the game goes roarin' on,
Wi' out and in turn lost and won,
Wi' "tee high draw" and swish of stone
And gladsome cry;
While "hogs" are greeted with a groan
And tearful eye.

And ever when a good shot's made,
The players eager bend the head
And watch to see it's rightly laid
Where skip commands,
And sweep, or hold, on each stone played
As case demands.

And often raise their brooms on high
And shout wi' lungs that pierce the sky,
And dance and roar wi' joyous cry
Like men bereft;
But ever watch with careful eye
And skill that's deft.

While still the "skip" directs the play, To watch each stone that's laid away, And players all his calls obey,

As loud he'll yell,
"Now sweep, you devils, sweep I say!"
They sweep it well.

And when at last the game's played out,
The players come with joyous shout,
And give three cheers for "in" and "out"
With lungs of brass,
And pledge their friendship, true and stout
In social glass.

Was ever known such royal sport?

Was ever such good friendship wrought?

For skill and science, fun and sport,

It's just the limit;

No other game of any sort

Can e'er be in it.

Long life to knights of stone and broom,
May "hogs" or "flukes" ne'er be their doom,
May "inturns" give them lots of room
On life's broad sea,
And "draw the port" of good luck's boom
Right on the "tee."

Long live the grand old "Roarin' Game,"
Long may it bring us health and fame,
Long may its devotees proclaim
Thro' all the earth,
There's nothing can approach its name
For sterling worth.

#### \* \* \*

#### New Year's Invitation.

By official command I'm ordered to say,
And that's what I'm striving to do, sir,
'That we keep "Open House" on New Year's Day
And we send invitation to you, sir.
You're requested to lay all business aside,
For if weather and ice will permit, sir,
'Twill be a day all can remember with pride,
And old "Empire" will surely be it, sir.

Let all members come and make us a call, Let's try to make it a hummer, Let's make it a day so pleasant to all 'Twill be talked about all next summer. There'll be curling all morning and curling at noon, And curling till darkness comes down, You can't learn the "Roarin' Game" any too soon, So come, and help make our renown.

It's "Prez" against "Vice," two jolly good boys,
And the ice should be filled with their men,
Let's make the old rink resound with our noise
Till the roof trusses ring back again.
And when the game's over, we'll wander upstairs
Where the long table always is found,
And partake of the lunch our committee prepares,
While song, speech and story go round.

Ed. Poole will be there the turkey to carve,
And the "Deacon" will serve up the ham,
While C. Harris Rice sees no one will starve
And Charley Baker will hand round the jam;
And Lehmann, and Strathdee, and Foster and Hahn,
Eph Skinner, and Roy and Steve Schreiber,
George Stanwix, Ed Frederick, Charley Hailes and
John Laing,

Take turns handing out the "reviver."

So every one come and have a great day,
Let all loyal "Empires" foregather,
Remember it's the first real match game we play,
Lord help us to have the right weather.
We've got to beat Pittsfield and beat Boston, too,
Beat Utica, and perhaps will beat others,
But on New Years we play with our own jolly crew,
"Prez" or "Vice," as you like — but all brothers.

## Marching with "B" Boys.

Bring the good old musket that we carried long ago,

Carried like old steady vets without a brag or blow, Carried thro' old Albany in mud, and slush, and snow,

While we were marching with "B" boys.

## (Chorus.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! those days we can't forget, Hurrah! Hurrah! we're good old soldiers yet, Not a company in the guard could march like us, you bet,

While we were marching with "B" boys.

That was when the Continentals made their great renown,

Made a name and grand old fame that we have handed down,

Praises ringing out for them brought glory to our town,

While we were marching with "B" boys.-Cho.

Up in Saratoga, in New Haven and New York,

Over in old Providence we were the whole town
talk.

Also up in Montreal we showed them how to walk, While we were marching with "B" boys.—Cho.

- Yes, and on parade at home we made a grand display,
- Company front down State street and from curb to curb, I say,
- Perfect line and perfect step from Eagle to Broadway,
  - While we were marching with "B" boys.—Cho.
- Forming in platoons and eights and swinging into fours.
- Wheeling in a perfect sweep all void of breaks or flaws.
- Greeted by all Albany with loud approving roars, While we were marching with "B" boys.—Cho.
- Those were days of glory when we took our trick at camp,
- Down at good old Peekskill, where we got the highest stamp,
- Not a rival beat us there on drill, or guard, or tramp,
  - While we were marching with "B" boys.- Cho.
- Gallant Davis at our head, or Corliss, Stac. or Green,
- Those were our commanders, and no better e'er were seen.
- We made fame and glory then in solid chunks, I ween,
  - While we were marching with "B" boys.- Cho.

Talk about your companies, I tell you "B" was fine, Always prompt at duty's call, and always right in line,

Let us pray that all her days she'll just as grandly shine.

While we were marching with "B" boys.—Cho.

We can ne'er forget those days, we don't know when nor how,

We were gallant guardsmen then, we're just as good ones now,

Now, as then, if country calls, we'll to her summons bow,

While we were marching with "B" boys.- Cho.

#### \* \* \*

## Curling for Glory.

Bring the good old curling stones, we'll have a jolly go,

Play the roarin' game to-day mid freeze, and ice, and snow,

Play it as we used to play it forty years ago, While we go curling for glory.

### (Chorus.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Empire boys are we, Hurrah! Hurrah! we come from Al-ba-nee, We'll tackle any curlers from Toronto to the sea, While we go curling for glory.

- How the people shout for us whene'er they see us play,
- How our boys will whoop it up on each stone laid away,
- We can get the "button" and our stones are there to stay,

While we go curling for glory.

- When we go to Utica, we know we have no snap,
  - We know we're "up against it," but we never care a rap,
  - So long as ice is keen and sharp and lots of "Scotch" on tap,

While we go curling for glory.

- Then give three cheers for Utica who seldom know defeat.
- For old time hospitality they never can be beat,
- And we'll return the compliment when next we chance to meet,

While we go curling for glory.

- When the Pittsfield boys come here we'll have a rousing game,
- Play from two o'clock till ten for fun and sport and fame,
- For they are our closest friends, we love them like our name,

While we go curling for glory.

Then raise the roof for Pittsfield, for to-day they're in our shoes,

They own the city and its streets, they own what e'er they choose,

And more than all, they own our hearts, and those they'll never lose,

While we go curling for glory.

#### \* \* \*

## To Genr'l Manager Albany Railway.

#### DEAR SIR:

One day last week while vet the sun Was at meridian height. To noon-day meal I hied me home, And got in sorry plight; Full many a time and oft have I Helped swell your large, fat coffers, Two fares each day I have to pay, For never a transfer offers. Still never mind, I want to tell What happened on your line, sir, And make report in accord with rules That I may escape a fine, sir. I boarded car at State and James, A Pine Hills car up town, sir, And in the last seat found a space Where I might sit me down, sir.

Two ladies filled up half the seat, And as I struggled past them. The motorneer shot on the power. And the car started on quite fast then. My balance lost, I tumbled back, Quite taken off my pins, sir, A moment short of dire suspense, And then, O. dreadful sin, sir, Crash, bang, a frightful din of glass, A shower of flying splinters, I broke your glass, your French plate glass, In seventeen thousand flinters. O. dreadful time. O. dreadful day. The railway lost a glass, sir, I fear me true next quarter day Their dividend they'll pass, sir. The motorneer was not to blame. The conductor told the "trut," sir. And as no harm came to myself, You need not fear a suit, sir. And as for needed cash to make The necessary repairs, sir, Please take it out of many dimes I've paid in double fares, sir.

#### Old "B" Shines Forever.

Come, sing a song for "B," our beloved company, Shouting for dear old Continentals,

For she's always been the leader in good old Albany,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.

#### (Chorus.)

Old "B" shines forever like bright, brilliant star, She's always found ready, in peace or in war; So we rally round our standard, for loyal boys we are,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.

In Fifty-four she started to build her grand renown, Shouting for dear old Continentals;

And when rebellion came she gave help to put it down,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.— Chorus.

And then again when Spain tried at war to make a bluff,

Shouting for dear old Continentals,

Our boys went out with gladness till Spain cried, "Hold, enough,"

Shouting for dear old Continentals.—Chorus.

In fair and foul, 'mid good or ill, she's always kept her fame,

Shouting for dear old Continentals;

And in all her years she's never done a thing to smirch her name,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.— Chorus.

Her roster's full of heroes, and soldiers good and true,

Shouting for dear old Continentals;

And you are just as proud of them as she is proud of you,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.— Chorus.

In camp or field, in peace or war, she always takes the lead,

Shouting for dear old Continentals;

And what she's done she'll do again whenever comes the need,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.—Chorus.

Each one of us is proud to be a "Continental" man,

Shouting for dear old Continentals;

And may her loyal sons forever keep her in the van, Shouting for dear old Continentals.—Chorus. And still remembering ever all her great and glorious past,

Shouting for dear old Continentals;

Old "B" will shine forever just as long as life will last,

Shouting for dear old Continentals.- Chorus.

#### \* \* \*

#### If You're Anxious for to Shine.

If you're anxious for to shine in the military line, In the town of Al-ban-ee,

Don't you join the Burgess Corps, skip a half a dozen more,

And come into good old "B;"

With a little mild persuasion, we will make a grand invasion

On your rights as a free-born man,

And when you're on the roster, just give up your brag and bluster,

You must buckle down to old hard pan.

Now, thro' Upton you will go with a steady step and slow,

Getting posted thoroughly,

Starting with the soldier's school so you won't look like a mule,

But can stand quite properly;

Head erect on shoulders stout, stomach never sticking out,

Heel and toe in proper form,

Like a soldier every inch, don't you let a muscle flinch,

Be the weather cold or warm.

Next we'll teach you to salute, and the proper way
to do it

A la "military courtesy,"

Then the manual you will tackle, and to musket practice shackle,

"Toss your piece" out bold and free;

When you come to a "present," make two motions quite distinct,

Keep the butt back at "support,"

At a "carry" stand erect; at "right shoulder" use some tact,

And "charge bayonets" make your forte.

Now, in loading and in firing, tho' the work is very tiring,

Sixty guns go off as one,

Do you think with such precision and with lots of ammunition,

Lawless hounds could make us run?

On the march we keep, of course, distance right between the four's,

And a front that is superb;

And the next time we come down the great street of this old town

We will stretch from curb to curb.

So we say to those who wish for to make themselves "profish"

In the line of milla-tare-ree,

Come with us and join the guard, and, altho' it may be hard,

Only think what great gloree;

You may never wear the straps, likely miss the softest snaps,

Yet a private through you be,

You are known the wide world round, all the guard your praises sound,

"Why, there goes a man from 'B.'"

## Two Little Boys so Blue.

It was on the night of the Corliss drill, In the year of our Lord '94,

And the boys were invited to "take a wee bite"

After the ball was o'er;

And they set up some punch, it looked winsome and sweet,

But 'twas loaded straight up to the brim; And, saddest of sights, soon two of the "staff" Were extinguished in under its glim.

There were officers there in trappings of gilt, And civilians in dress suits of black;

There were "A" boys and "B" boys, and others besides,

But at the punch they all took a whack; And they sang, sir, such songs, so *deliciously* sweet, If only your ears were of brass;

But the wise man was he who could say to that punch,

No, thank you, God bless you, "I pass."

Now the end of that lark I can only surmise,
For I left when the church bells struck one,
There was one on the table who wanted to
"speak,"

And some others who wanted to run;

A crowd in the corner were trying to "sing,"
And some officers' tongues had a bunch;
Let the man who is anxious to know how it feels
Try three glasses of Jimmie Greene's punch.

Now, you may not agree with the words of this song,

And its theme you may think rather low;
But one thing is certain, it's all gospel truth,
And it ends in a caution, you know;
Don't dally with punches that look ruby red,
Such experience you'll probably rue;
Keep a stiff upper lip and be warned by the fate
Of those two little boys so blue.

## Let Albany and Troy Unite.

I'm suggesting that Albany and Troy should unite,
'Twould be a most grand thing for Troy;
And even old Albany, proud though she is,
Might hail such a union with joy;
There are many fair reasons why it would prove
A good thing for both of these towns,
Yet I judge that the Trojan will greet it with
groans.

The Albanian meet it with frowns.

Troy needs it —'twould make her renowned and beloved,

Where now she is greeted with jeers,
As a part of old Albany she could then share
In the honors belonging to years;
Wherever you go you usually hear
A loud laugh and a guffaw for Troy;
How different 'twould be if a Trojan could say,
"Why, man, I'm an Albany boy."

These towns are only a few miles apart,

And nearer they come every day,
In union they'd surely accomplish great things,

And progress could not long delay;
Old Troy is kept back by poor local rule,

But still there are good people there,
With the vim that the right kind of system would

give,

She might in prosperity share.

Have you ever noticed when you visit old Troy
How the mud lies so thick on the streets?
How the dust flies around, while authority laughs,
And the taxpayer's growl lightly treats?
Have you ever noticed how many saloons?
Every prominent street is quite full,
And policemen so scarce, you'll seldom see one,
Lower life up in Troy has a pull.

Their department of fire seems poorly arranged, It's the volunteer kind, so we hear, And unless they will soon make a radical change, They'll burn the whole town up, I fear; They haven't a theatre worthy the name, And not a hotel that I know; They're building one, true, still travelers will come To Albany and spend all their dough.

Now, all of these things could surely be fixed
And every one feel quite content,
If Troy would join Albany—isn't that right?
And it wouldn't cost them a red cent;
The hotels are here, and they're dandy ones, too,
While new ones are planned every day;
The theatres are here, how long would it take
For the Troy end to come to the play?

Then the question of fire, when right here we have A department unmatched in the land; How long would it take to extend it up there, And we'd all feel much safer and bland; The department of health, of charity, police,
The department of cleaning the streets,
Now, why wouldn't a Trojan gladly come in
To get more than his fondest hope meets?

Then, imagine how very much cheaper 'twould be, Why, the tax would be less for us all; We could run the whole thing from one central head.

Yes, run it from one city hall.

One mayor, one council, one everything else,

One head to each bureau all through,

It's the biggest old thing on the face of the map,

No matter from what point you view.

You worry about getting around—never fear,
The railroads would come to their milk,
They'd run their old trains every quarter of an
hour.

And run them all night, sure as silk;
And the trolley road also would surely come round,
If they didn't, some hustler would buy it,
The big traction magnates would soon see the
game,

And bag it blame quick - if you try it.

There's another fair reason—haven't mentioned it yet,

And that's Albany's wonderful banks, There Albany beats every town in the land, In banking she's first in the ranks; You'd think that our neighbors just north of us here

Would gladly bring down all their money, It's utterly useless to attempt to compete, That any one tries it is funny.

Give the Troy end the factories, the mills and the hum,

It's surely just suited for toil;

At Albany the banks, the hotels and the style, And the whole thing will run slick as oil;

At this end the dwellings, boulevards, parks,

Public buildings, colleges, schools;

At the upper end all of the loud busy whirr Of the wheels, and the bang of the tools.

It's a wonderful scheme, it's the biggest thing out, Great Scott! what a city 'twould make,

The conditions are suited exact to a tee,

I'm sure such a scheme ought to take;

There isn't a lovelier, healthier place
To live — than on Albany's hills,

And the contour of Troy beats the world as a site To build factories, workshops and mills.

Now, what is against it? — not a thing that I know, Unless it were some Trojan's pride,

That calling it "Albany," perhaps he would think He might his identity hide; But that could be fixed like they do in New York, Call it "Albany — Borough of Troy," Or "Albany — Borough of Watervliet," I can't see where that should annoy.

Now, I'm giving you this for what it is worth,
And I've thought of it many a time;
Doubtless others could put it in much better form,
But it's natural for me to try rhyme;
We'd have then a city of which we'd be proud,
And could boast of wherever we'd run,
And our North End would be the most loyal of all,
While the West End would bask in the sun.

For I think that if this thing could be brought about

That our West End would bloom like a rose,
And hundreds of loyal North Enders would build
Where our style and society goes;
So I pray you to agitate—agitate quick,
Both Albany and Troy get a gait on,
When it happens, erect a high shaft in the park,
And kindly let me put the date on.

# **OLD GLORY**



Written at Albany, N. Y.

July 4th, 1905

## **Old Glory**

7

1

1

1.

Emblem of valor, power and might,
Ah yes, but greater story,
It stands for Freedom, Justice, Right,
Our grand revered Old Glory;
Born of Mankind's supreme desire,
Baptized in blood of patriot sire,
And four times crowned in battle's fire,
It's truly named Old Glory.

2.

May those proud colors never cease

To tell our people's story,
With red for courage, white for peace,
And blue for wisdom hoary;
And may each bright and shining star
Flash joyful tidings near and far,
Till all earth's sons united are,
'Neath folds of dear Old Glory.

Our fathers' God, to Thee we pray,
In light of Calvary's story,
May we for Peace the whole world sway,
And banish carnage gory;
And as Thou led the patriot band,
So in Thy name we take our stand,
While struggling men in every land,
Praise God for dear Old Glory.

#### 4,

And when my strife on earth is done,
When ends life's fitful story,
Oh may the last rays of the sun
Show these poor eyes Old Glory;
Then let some spreading old oak tree,
Chant solemn requiem over me,
While wrapped around my form may be
The folds of dear Old Glory.

DAVID M. KINNEAR.

Albany, N. Y.
July 4th, 1905

Very truly yours Spirid M. Kinnear

